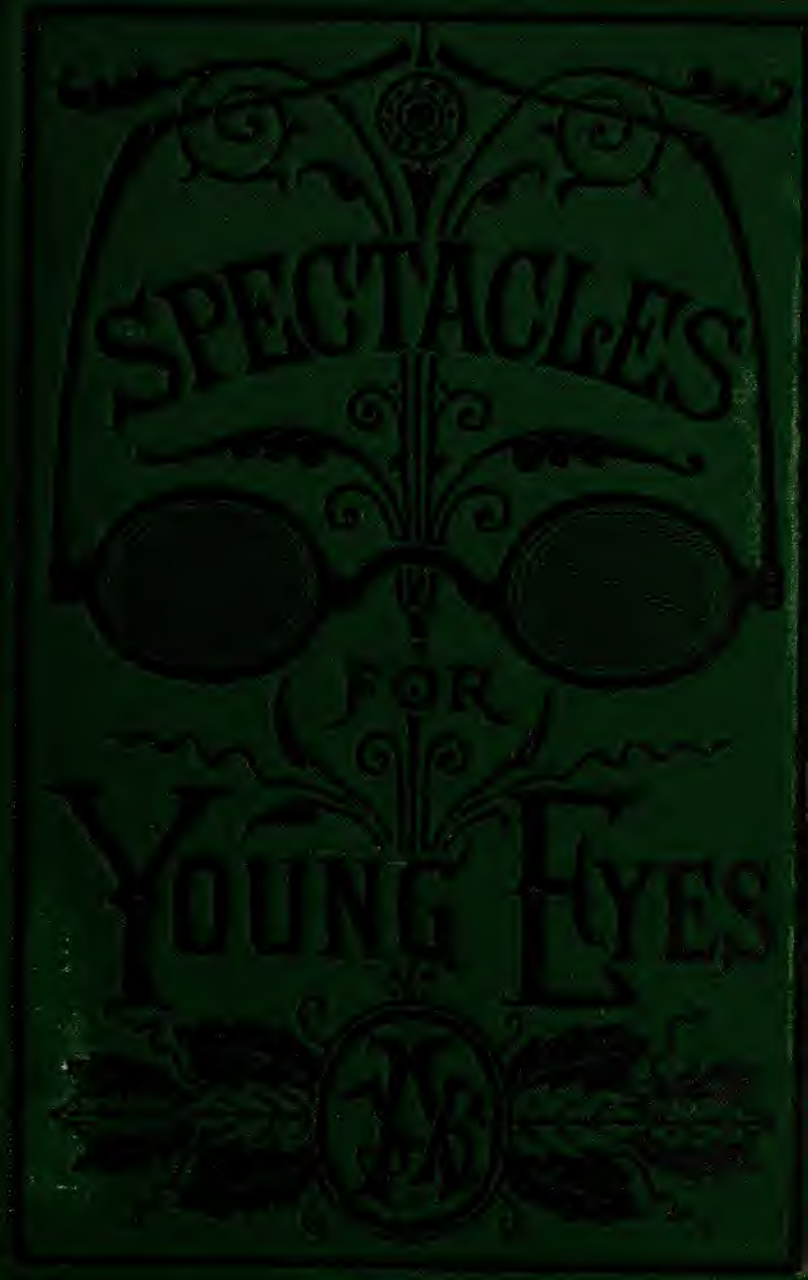
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FOR
YOUNG EYES

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SPECTACLES
FOR
YOUNG EYES
BOSTON
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N. Y.

SPECTACLES

FOR YOUNG EYES.

By S. W. LANDER

"We look before and after." — SHELLEY.

EIGHTH THOUSAND.

BOSTON:
DEWOLFE, FISKE, & CO., PUBLISHERS,
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INTRODUCTION.

My dear Young Friends:—

If through my "Spectacles" you should be induced to look with interest on the scenes of our early New England History, and look around you for their contrast in the present, then I should know they were not made in vain.

THE AUTHOR.

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SPECTACLES.

CHAPTER I.

COUNTRY AND CITY.

I LIVED by the sea-shore, far away from the din and tumult of the city, which I had only heard

of, and never hoped or cared to see. The ceaseless sound of the surf put me to sleep at night like a lullaby. Sometimes I would start sud-

denly from my dreams, and listen, thinking I heard a human voice speaking to me; but it was always the same old solemn sound of the sea. Then I would lie awake, quite awe-struck, for it made me think of the hymn,

> "When little Samuel woke,
> And heard his Maker's voice."

And so sometimes I felt frightened. But as I grew older, I thought less about it; and now, when I am in the noisy streets of Boston, I never think of it at all, — but I *should* like to hear that solemn voice at my heart again, sometimes.

When I was in the pine woods, I could hear the same sound. At first, I could not tell whether it was the distant murmur of the surf, or the whispering of the pine-trees, — you could not tell them apart.

And then I could find such beautiful flowers in our woods! They die very soon after they are gathered, for they are so much more delicate and have a fainter perfume than the strong, high-colored garden flowers that you see at home. And they ought to be, too, for they are fanned by the winds that sweep from the ocean, and steal over the pine-trees with the faintest murmur, mingling the sound of the sea with that of the pines.

There was a wide, green path, that led through

the wood, and seemed to have no end. I have followed it sometimes, till I wet my feet in the marsh, or lost my way, and came back, hoping to find it some other day. It may have been a cart-path once, but I never saw anything there but a solitary cow, and once a stray pair of lovers, whispering as softly to each other as the fir-trees, when there was no one near to listen!

As we came out of the wood, the opening between the trees seemed like a huge green frame, where the sparkling blue ocean and sky, the long line of pale, yellow, sleeping sand, the white, distant sails, and the dark, far-off islands, looked like a painted picture in the summer stillness, but far more beautiful! For the white sea-gulls and the sound of the moaning surf gave it life.

We might have lived there many years undisturbed by thoughts of city life, when one day, as I was walking down the lane, I met two boys, who looked strange and out of place there. They said they were from the city of Boston, and they asked me if there was any watering-place near, — and said they had walked out from the neighboring village, and they were tired, and wanted to stop and rest.

"O yes," I answered. "Our cows like this brook-water first rate; and if you want to stop

here, as you say you do, I shall bring the horse out by and by, and you can stay just as long as you like."

How they laughed at me, though I meant to be polite to them, and they were young *gentlemen* from the city, too!

Then the eldest boy said, in a grand sort of a way, "We wish to find a boarding-house, where we can pass a few weeks of our summer vacation."

Why could not they have said a house in the first place? How should I know they called a watering-place a house? I guess they never milked a cow, or even watered a horse, or they would have known how to call things by their right names!

"O, well!" I answered, very civilly, "I think my mother will take you, if you will come home with me."

So we walked slowly along through the wood together. They told me their names were James and Edward Hamilton, and that they lived in Boston, and had never been so many miles from the city before. But they wanted to learn to shoot and to row, and wished to run around on the beach, and to bathe, and get strong again, for they had studied hard the last term at school. They looked as if they could do nothing else!

Well, we took those boys home, and we passed a pleasant summer together.

James was a tall, handsome fellow, with a proud and erect bearing, as if he was determined to be the President some day. But Edward, or Ned, as his brother called him, was a little, short fellow, like myself, with red hair, a freckled face, and a nose that would turn up, and look impudent, though the owner tried hard to be dignified. If there was any sly piece of mischief, or any practical joke going on, Ned was sure to be at the bottom of it. Ned was always laughing at us all.

I taught the boys how to shoot and to hunt squirrels. Sometimes, however, they would be gone a whole day, walking on the beach, which was several miles long, and then come back at night, tired and hungry, bringing only one peep between them, and they each insisted they had shot it! And I did not dare to say a word, they were both so proud of that one!

And now that they are at home in Boston again, they boast as much of their fine city as if it belonged to them, just because they were born there! What should *I* think of boasting of the sea because I was born on its shores? One roar of the waves in a storm, one dash of the breakers against the rocks, is more grand

than all their noisy cannon on a Fourth of July celebration!

The boys teased me to go back with them when they returned to the city. And when their father sent for me too, my mother consented, though father said he "hoped I should soon get tired of it." So I went with them. And now that I have seen some of the sights that are to be seen, I shall tell you about them. If I can find a picture that will speak about a place better than I can, I shall put that in too.

That long journey in the cars was very tedious. We passed through many small towns, and over several long bridges. I was so busy looking out, trying to see the country, that I did not think of falling asleep, like many of the passengers, who were roused up occasionally by a small boy, who would cry out, "Lozenges! candy!" If he had offered us bread, every one might have bought it. Another boy brought a kind of a tin teakettle with water in it for the poor, tired ladies, and crying children, and sleepy men, to drink. One thing seemed strange; it was the strong men who fell asleep. The pale, tired-looking women, and the forlorn babies, who would not keep still, they kept awake through everything. Even when we stopped for refreshments, the rough men hurried out of the cars — they were wide awake *then* —

and swallowed a piece of pie and a cup of hot coffee, while the poor women were hesitating whether it was best to try and push through the crowd, at the risk of choking the baby or being trampled on and having their long dresses torn. One lady, who stood near me, had only lifted her cup to her lips when the bell sounded, and she set it down, looking so disappointed that the kind and gentlemanly conductor said, "There is no hurry, ma'am; let me take it into the cars for you." She was very thankful, and drank her tea quietly, while the train was in motion. Then the same men said, in great glee, "That woman has carried off her cup with her!"—only sorry that they had not thought of such an amusing feat. To their disappointment, the conductor returned for the cup, which spoiled the joke for them.

The stout men put their newspapers over their faces again to calm themselves to sleep; the tired babies began to fret, and the weary mothers to soothe them; and the cars went on, with the same rapid and monotonous motion.

The long bridges surprised me. For many years it has been said that two of them were unsafe; and still nobody seems to fear, but they dash on, straight over them. Beverly Bridge we went near,—when we went into Salem,—and

the long tunnel beneath that city rather startled me; but I saw the conductor collecting his tickets, and I knew it must be quite right, if he was calm and busy while he could see to do his work.

The boys told me that this was an older town than Boston, for it was settled in 1628, and Boston not till 1630. The early settlers did not like the appearance of the place, and so some went to Boston. It was noted for the hanging of the witches in 1692. For many years the delusion had raged in England, even before this time. And before it vanished here, more than a hundred persons had been imprisoned, nine hung, and one pressed to death. And that even now they have the record of the trials preserved, and keep the pins which the witches ran into the poor women and children, sealed up in a small bottle, in the Court-House. Do you suppose they believe in it still? They tell me that people are so anxious to have the pins, that at last they had to seal them up in a bottle to prevent their being carried off!

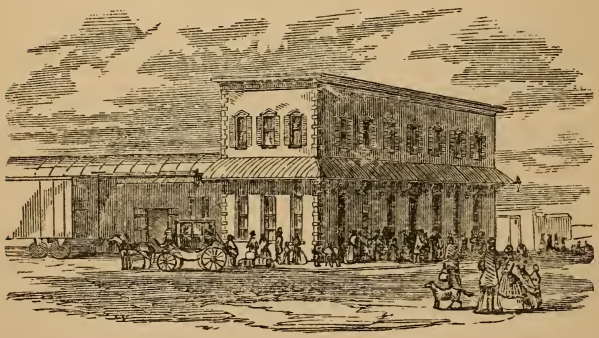
Salem is a very pleasant, quiet, staid, neat-looking place, as if it were Sunday there all the time. The spirit of the Puritans seems hanging over it still. The early sermon of Rev. John Cotton, which forbade the use of veils as too

great a luxury, and the law of the colonists, which forbade the wearing of gold lace, embroidered collars, and vain show of all kinds, seem to have had an effect on their descendants. There are no places of public amusement. Their only theatre could not be supported, and has been changed into an Orthodox church, because it was so rarely visited. However, there are plenty of public lectures for the young people, and charitable societies for the poor, to which the wealthy people largely contribute, and for which the young are as willing to work as in the early days of the colonies, which is much to their credit, and rather surprising; but it is, to be sure, very sensible. In Boston and in New York, as in Europe, they tell me there are amusements for all classes, and at low prices. The poor need recreation after their work, if they are not too tired to enjoy it. Sometimes, however, — even this summer, — some kind, rich man — and there are many there — will leave a legacy for music to be played by the band, on the Common; and that is such a comfort to the poor people, who cannot afford to leave the city and their cares for a season.

There is an East-India Marine Society, that has a fine museum, free to all visitors; and while we were talking of it, I found we had arrived in

Boston, but James has promised to take me to this museum, and then I will tell you about it.

We stopped at the Eastern Railroad Station. I was very much bewildered by the confusion and noise. The hackmen were so very anxious, and so polite, that they offered to take me and my trunk anywhere I wanted to go. And they mentioned so many hotels to me, that I was quite bewildered and dismayed to see what a large city I was in. The boys would not let me stop to thank them, but hurried me along to a carriage



that mysteriously had my trunk strapped on it, and was only waiting for me. They explained it to me afterwards, but I was so tired that I was glad to jump into the carriage, and find myself, at last, at their house.

Mrs. Hamilton, the mother of the boys, wel-

comed me as kindly as my own mother would have done; and said, "She hoped I would stay in Boston 'till I had seen all the lions.'" I thanked her. But I do not care so much for them as for the statues and the fine buildings.

I found it so difficult to sleep that first night in Boston. It seemed to me there was something going on, and cars were running all night. This want of rest was the first thing I noticed. Every one seemed to be in a hurry; and when I went into the street the first time, I soon found I was hurrying along like the rest. What it was all about, nobody seemed to know; but if I stopped a moment to look into a shop window, then some one would push by me, and hurry on, or step on my heels, and then politely beg my pardon, or else trip over me, and not even stop to see if I fell, till I came home from my first walk, feeling quite tired and bewildered.

The city of Boston seemed to me like a vast engine in full motion, and that all the hurrying people were parts of the machinery, that *must* keep moving. If one stopped, the others seemed to catch him up, and run away with him. Every one must look out for himself, or he is shoved into a corner.

How glad I was to creep into my little bed at night, and try to forget all that I had seen. But

faces of strange people came up before me, and seemed to rise in crowds above the foot of my bed, and to come nearer and nearer, till they almost touched me, and I jumped up with a start. Then I would think I was at home; and almost fall asleep, wondering if the sea was so very calm that I could not hear its murmur, — when a loud crash would frighten me, and I would start and find it was only a carriage over the rough pavement beneath my open window. Those nights were the worst, — I saw so many people and so many sights through the day, that in my dreams I still went on seeing sights and hearing strange and unearthly sounds. One night there was a fire, — quite near us, too, — and I got up and went down stairs, and called the boys, who slept near me. They listened to the bell that struck solemnly, "one, two, three," and turned over to go to sleep again, saying, "John, go to bed, and don't disturb the household; the fire is not near us; it is in another district."

So I went off again, but was rather crestfallen at breakfast when they laughed at me for dressing in the night, and rousing the family, when the fire was so far away.

So, another night, when the fire was so near that I could see the red reflection on the walls of

the house, and when it lighted the room where I sat, then I would not call them. I thought if they could sleep when their fellow-creatures were burning to death, they might do it; but *I* should keep awake, at least, if I could not help them. At home, all the neighbors would be out trying to help. Well! there I sat until the light went down, and it seemed as quiet as before.

The next morning, at breakfast, the papers came in, and every one was talking of the fire. "How near it was!" "What an escape!" and "nobody in the house knew of it!" I could not help saying that I was awake, and that I sat up to see it. And this time they blamed me for not calling them, and said, "They might have been burnt to death!" So I made this rule for myself, like many others I have made since I came to the city. When the rest of the world is burning to death, the family must sleep; but if there is danger of their singeing a hair on their own heads, I must rouse them and the whole neighborhood. I close my chapter with many grave reflections on that text in my head, for I have not come here to preach.

CHAPTER II.

OLD SOUTH CHURCH. — FRANKLIN STATUE.

One morning, we boys all walked out together, and as we came by the Old South Church — I had not been so far from our house before — James said to me, "Look, John, this church stands where it has stood for more than a century. It was erected in the year 1730."

"I don't think that was very long ago," I said. "Did not they have a church here before?"

"O, yes," James answered; "there was a church here on the same site, that was built in 1669. It was a wooden church, with large, square pews, and a spire. The last sermon was preached in the old house on the second of March, 1729. It was found to be very much decayed when it was taken down. There was a high elder's seat in front of the pulpit, and a deacon's seat, nearly as high; and some of the best pews in the house, according to the custom in those days, were reserved for the old people."

"I wish it was the custom now," said little Charley, who was a little brother you have not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JOSEPH L. BATES

heard of before; and I like him best, for he never laughs at my mistakes, because he makes so many himself.

"I do wish it was the custom now; for old grandfather cannot hear half the minister says. So when we go home, he asks me about it, and I can't understand the long words and remember the text; so he shakes his stick at me, and says, 'Charley, my boy, you must attend better.' O, dear! I wish they had the best seats for the old people now!"

"Well, Charley, how should you like this rule? It was voted in the brick meeting-house, in this house we see, 'That the deacons be desired to procure some suitable person to take the oversight of the children and servants in the galleries, and take care that good order be maintained in time of divine worship; and that a sufficient reward be allowed for the encouragement of such a person.'"

"I should not care at all," said Charley, "if grandfather could have the best seat."

"I tell you what I should have liked to see," said Ned. "It was when they had a riding-school for the British cavalry here. The pulpit and the pews had all been taken out, and were used for firewood, and the minister's library was burnt to feed the flames."

"About the same time," said James, "the Old North Meeting-House, and a hundred other wooden buildings, were taken down and distributed for fire-wood, — there was such a scarcity of fuel; and the Hollis Street, Brattle Street, the West and First Baptist Meeting-houses were occupied as hospitals, or as barracks for troops."

"And, John, only think, they had booths in the galleries in the Old South Church, where they sold candy and cakes; and there was a great box just in front of the pulpit, as much as four feet high, which they used to practise the horses in leaping over. They had a real riding-school here," said Ned.

"Why did not they try to drive them out? Why would they submit to such insult?" I said.

"They did have an Association that watched the soldiers patrolling all night long; but what could they do, except report to our people? Boston was effectually guarded and besieged; no provisions were allowed to enter, and the troops as well as the inhabitants were obliged to suffer. In the midst of all, the small-pox appeared, which added to the distress. On the 18th of March, 1776, the British troops embarked and left the town. The inhabitants returned to their

homes, and on the 29th of March a regular meeting was held for the choice of town officers."

"James must have studied his history lesson well," I said.

"You need not laugh at a fellow, John, if he wants to tell you anything; I did not suppose you would know much about it, living way out of the world as you did."

"Do you suppose every Yankee boy does not know the history of the Revolution; that the battle of Bunker Hill was fought on the 17th of June; and that Washington took command of the army on the 2d of July; and it was the winter after that that was so severe, and they suffered such privation?" I said, proudly.

"Well! you never saw the old church before. And did you know that Franklin was baptized here? And was born opposite? And that the great Whitfield had preached here?" said he.

"No, I did not," I answered, quite appeased.

"Come, boys," said Charley, "let us go on; we stand here and talk, when we came out to show John some of the curiosities of the city. Should you like to see the statue of Franklin, John? It is in School Street."

I thought this was something like a *school* street to me this morning; but I said I wanted

to go. I had never seen a statue, and hardly knew what to expect; but something very grand for Franklin I knew it must be.

So on we walked, a few steps it seemed to me, — there is something to be noticed every step of the way in Boston, — when we came to a large stone building, the City Hall, very handsome, I thought, and there were beautiful grounds in front, laid out with beds of bright flowers, that were so refreshing and pleasant to see, in the heart of the city. There was a lovely reclining figure of a young woman there; but it seemed so strangely out of place in the cold and rain. I thought it would seem better in some hall, more appropriate, for she was of no use, and not much ornament in the open street, I thought. I did not know it was Eve. But when I saw Franklin, the tall bronze statue, I was astonished more than ever.

"O, who is he?" I exclaimed. "How came he there? And what is he here for?"

"That is the celebrated statue of Franklin," said James. "You *must* admire it. It is placed there to show us all what an American boy can do. And that even a poor printer's boy can rise, by the force of character and strong principle alone, to be an example to his countrymen and respected by all."

How noble the boy looked then! I wondered if he was not thinking of having a statue erected to himself, for some great deed he meant to accomplish. He looked as proud as he did when I met him in the woods at home. The other boys did not speak.

"Well," said I, after a pause, "if that is the great Franklin, I think he looks rather sleepy! I don't want to be rude to any one, but *I* don't believe he looked that way when he brought down the lightning from heaven. And what is he hugging his hat so tight for, just as he carried the penny roll under his arm, when he first entered Philadelphia as a poor boy?"

"My dear John," said James, in his most dignified manner, "you should not pretend to make any comment on a work of art that you cannot be expected to understand. You never saw anything before that at all resembled a statue, except the snow-man you told us about. You must show us how you made it when the snow comes." He did not choose to have me speak so.

"I don't care!" I interrupted. "If the old fellow looked like that I am sorry! He does not look grand and noble enough to suit me. He ought to hold his head up like a man who was not afraid to draw the lightning from heaven on

a string of his kite. I always felt proud of him before!"

James was quite indignant at this. "My dear fellow," said he, "the artist selected that very trait you complain of; you are paying him an unconscious compliment. He wished us all to see and recognize that humility which was always the same before the prince and the peasant. You can see it in his plain dress, too. Humility is always to be respected!"

I could not help thinking *he* had not yet learned much about it, but I did not say a single word. I was busy looking at the green stone the statue was standing on, that I had never seen before. I don't believe there is any in our old State like it.

"What do you call this?" I said.

"O, that is a verd antique marble pedestal, and that is a granite basement which supports it," he answered.

"That is very *interesting!*" I said.

"O, certainly!" said he, grandly.

"But what do you call this picture?" I asked. I thought I might understand that rather better. "This young man does not seem to be at work. He is looking at us. Is he playing on an organ, as your sister did last night?"

How they shouted and laughed!

"Why don't you read the inscription, my dear boy," said James, in a compassionate tone of voice. "Here it is," and he read, —

> "Benjamin Franklin,
> Born in Boston, 17 January, 1706.
> Died in Philadelphia, 17 April, 1790."

"This picture, as you oddly term it, is what the artists call a bas-relief. It represents Franklin at the printing-press. He was not very much interested in printing; I mean he did not serve out his apprenticeship. He stayed five years instead of nine."

"He does not look fond of work," said I. "He is not looking on at all, but staring out of the picture at us."

"But he really was remarkable for his industry," said Ned, "though he would not serve out his term of apprenticeship, for he was anxious to do something greater, and he wanted all the rest of the Boston boys to be industrious, too; so he left a legacy of a hundred pounds, to be put at interest forever; and from that silver medals are bought every year, and distributed among the boys in the public schools. These are called the Franklin medals. As this was for the boys alone, the sum has been increased, and the girls are rewarded also. Don't you remember when we

went to the sea-shore and met you first, how tired we said we were from studying so hard, and you thought we talked so much about the Franklin Medals? The Boston boys would remember Franklin even if there were no statue."

"And Charley has his likeness, too, on those foolish stamps he spends so much time collecting," I said. "Do you know, Charley, what that is for? why his likeness is placed there, and on the new post-office that your father told me about? The office that they had, and then did not have, and now have again, after the trouble of removing."

"No!" said Charley, doubtfully.

"I can tell you!" said Ned, triumphantly. "He instituted penny-postage, and so his head is on the penny stamps."

"Well, you are a big boy, you ought to know such things. I only collect the stamps because the other boys do; not because I know what they signify," said Charley.

"That's right, Charley, what does it all signify? The next time I find an old back of a letter you shall have it."

"My good fellow, the old stamps from your little village are not what the child wants; it is the foreign stamps from distant countries," said James again, patronizingly.

O dear! I thought, the very babes are wiser than the wise men of old. I supposed the child was playing with them, as I used to play with bits of pictures I could find. There seems to be no play now, they all know so much, and learn so fast; but they are not so sturdy and brown as the boys I grew up with.

"Won't you tell me what this means?" I said, turning to another *picture*, as I will persist in calling it by its right name, for I was rather tired of hearing him discourse.

"Oh! that bas-relief represents Franklin, when he concluded the Treaty of Peace with Great Britain. Don't you see the inscription, —

'Treaty of Peace and Independence,
3 September, 1783.'

"These different bas-reliefs represent various scenes in his life. The one on the opposite side will be more likely to please you, I think; you admire his attracting the lightning so much. Do you see the kite, and the key that he holds in his hand? Let me read the inscription to you, —

'Eripuit Cœlum Fulmen Sceptrumque Tyrannis.'

'He snatched the lightning from heaven, and the sceptre from tyrants.' He was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, you may have heard, John."

"May have heard!" As if I did not know every act of Franklin's life better than he did! Where we have no books but the Bible, and Almanac, and life of Franklin and Washington, we know those by heart.

"I do know all about Franklin," I answered, quietly; for my mother warned me before I came here, not to let my red head get too hot, or to let my heart speak for me, and I try to keep cool. "Yes, I do know all about Franklin; we don't have such statues as these in our village, but there is not a country boy in the land that has not read his history. We should be ashamed not to know his life."

"Come and see this tablet, then, and tell us what it means," said Ned. "I should have enjoyed living in those days."

So I walked round on the other side, and there was the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, and the inscription in gold letters. —

"Declaration of Independence,
4th July, 1776."

"I like this," said Ned. "I wish I could have lived in those days, when even the boys were remarkable!"

I could not help thinking that the boys were rather remarkable now, but it would not do for me to say a word.

"Did you ever hear the anecdote of the boys on the Common, when the British soldiers destroyed their skating-ground?" he asked.

I had not heard it, but James said it was an old story, and we could not stop for it then; that we had better go on, and Ned could tell it some other time, or I could read it in any history, which I will, and then tell it to you.

CHAPTER III.

LOSS OF THE WATCH. — OLD STATE-HOUSE. — POST-OFFICE. — THE OLD HOUSE.

I COULD have waited a long time, looking at the statue and recalling the different anecdotes I have read about Franklin. For, as I said before, we have so few books in the country, that we read them over and over. The Life of Franklin is one, and the Bible; and then the Almanac, which you never study, but we did; and we know when to plant and when to reap; and how a small seed brings a great harvest in the field, as in life, and that a blight in the bud is death to the future crop. You may have heard of these things, but if you never saw crops fail, you can never really *know* it. I find it is better to know a few books by heart, and a few facts from experience, than to hear, and read, and see so much, that everything seems shifting and changing before your eyes, like the broken images in Charley's kaleidoscope, till you feel nothing is certain; for one image chases away the other, before it has time to stamp an impression on the mind.

For instance, the boys had looked at the statue, and now it was time for something new to be found to amuse them.

"Come, boys, it must be late," said James, as he pulled out his watch, — or he meant to have done so, — for he exclaimed, hurriedly: "My watch! Some rascal in the crowd has stolen it!"

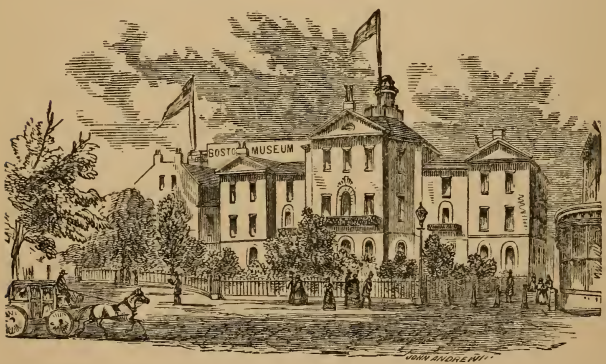
It was really gone. O, he was so angry!

"What will my father say?" he exclaimed. "He has always said I was not old enough to carry a watch. If I can only recover it before he finds it out, I shall not care; but I am more afraid of his ridicule than I am sorry to lose my watch. But I can't get along without it, now I have had the comfort and convenience of one. I mean to save up my pocket-money till I can buy a silver one for real hard work."

"But are you sure the person who found it won't bring it back to you?" I said.

"Bring it back! my dear fellow! They never do such things in the city. It is very probable, if I had dropped it in your quiet village, — if no stray cow had swallowed it for a turnip, or if a horse grazing in the road had not crushed it with the violets growing there, — that it might have been hung up on the counter of the *store* as a remarkable curiosity for the neighbors to come in

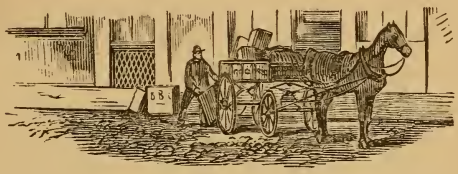
and gaze at; as remarkable as that rich man whom I was called to the window to look at, because he was worth five thousand dollars! We are different here, unfortunately. They tell me many persons make a good living by picking up, or stealing, valuables, and returning them when a rich reward is offered, notwithstanding the efforts of the efficient police. We are just here by the police-office, let us go in and report the loss to the chief of the police."



So we passed through the front door, that you see in the picture, and walked through the hall, not knowing our way exactly, till we came out into Court Square, which is just in the rear of the building.

The Court-House is there, and there were

many law-offices with lawyers talking, and express-offices to all parts of the country, with wagons loading and unloading. I had a fine opportunity to look around me and see the place,



crowded as it was, before they could find the police-office. For one boy told us it was in one building, and when we went there, they sent us to another place, and we had to return again to the City Hall before we found it.

Then, when we went in, we felt rather shy, to see the great, big blue-coated officers, with their large gilt buttons, seated in a row on one side of the room, and the chief of the police at a desk in the middle of it. I don't know whether we happened to go in when they were consulting together about some poor victim, but it looked very awful and formidable to a poor country fellow like me, who has a wholesome dread of a constable.

James has no fear in him, and he strode up to the desk of the chief of police, and told him, in his grand way, of his loss.

"What is the number of your watch?" the police-officer asked, after taking the name and residence of the boy.

"I did not know it had any number," said James.

"What is the name of the maker?" he inquired again. "You must describe it."

Poor James was quite crestfallen. He thought he knew all about his own watch, and that the police-officer ought to find it. That was what he was for!

But the police-officer insisted on having a particular description of the watch, or nothing could be done; and we had no description worth giving. So we really gained nothing; only I had seen the interior of a police-office, and it gave me a disagreeable feeling to think so many stout men get their living through the misery and crimes of others. We always hear so much of the wickedness of a great city; but the good must be there, too, *hidden out of sight.*

We went down the high steps of the City Hall, as we left the police-office, wondering what we should do next; we did not want to go home.

Then James said, as the bright thought struck his mind, "I will advertise it in the Herald, and in the Transcript, and in the Boston Journal, too."

But then, at the same time, he said he never expected to see it again. He knew some person must have snatched it, as we were passing through the crowd in School Street, where they were mending the sidewalk, and the crossing was so narrow on that account. "And when that lady stopped to inquire about my mother," he exclaimed, "I wish they would not stand and block up the way so. It is only the ladies from the country who do such things," he said, looking at me as he said it.

And I believed it! The people here seem to walk along, without heeding each other, and sweep by and quite extinguish a little fellow like me with their huge drapery. Sometimes I unluckily step on their long dresses, and they annihilate me with a look as I am trying to get off, — with both feet entangled in their flounces. They give me such a cross look, and then smile on the next person they meet, and pretend that their dress is not all torn and muddy! But how I know they wish that that red-haired country boy had stayed in his native woods!

James said he wished we would never say "Watch!" to him again; for he wanted to forget he had ever owned one!

I could not think of understanding such city difference. But the advertisements were written, and we walked down Court Street, which

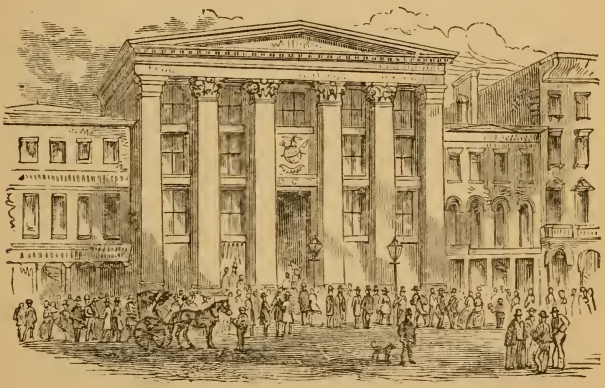
was filled with signs belonging to lawyers' offices, down to State Street, to the printing-offices, where the newspapers were published.

Here we came to the Old State-House, which stands at the head of State Street, and looks down, having one front on Washington Street. On the top of this building are flagstaffs, which display the signals of the vessels as they are coming into Boston Harbor.

The General Court of the Province of Massachusetts used to be held in this building, so James told me, — for he knows all about the different places. And the office of the Atlas and Bee, and many other papers, are found here. The first newspaper published in the Colonies

was in Boston, in 1704, and was called the Boston News-Letter.

We left James to carry his advertisement, and walked on without him to the Merchants' Exchange building. Such a crowd of gentlemen as



we saw there! But we elbowed our way through the crowd, and went through a long, rather dark entry, to the Post-office. The first post-office was established in 1710, and a mail ran to Plymouth and to Maine once a week, and to New York only once a fortnight. There are different openings alphabetically arranged in this office to prevent confusion; and there the clerk — where the letter for my name is — remembers people so well, and is so practised in reading faces, that

after I had been there twice he knew me, and shook his head when I came if there was no letter for me. There is an aperture for foreign letters, and another for newspapers on the other side, besides a separate one for ladies, who would not like coming here in the crowd.

This building is quite handsome. The front is built of Quincy granite, with pillars. So I turned and inquired the height of the pillars. There are six that, they told me, were forty-five feet high, and that they weighed fifty-five tons apiece. The whole building is fire-proof, and the staircases are built of iron and stone.

The Merchants' Exchange is above. We did not venture to go up there, for every one is so

busy; for all the vessels that arrive in port are registered there, and the shipping news telegraphed. The daily papers, and newspapers from foreign countries, are received, and read, and kept in case they might be wanted. They have boatmen, and a news-collector, and messengers, who are always in attendance there, from early in the morning till late at night. There is a large dome of stained glass overhead.

People seem to think boys are always in the way, whether they are in mischief or not, and so we ran off as fast as we came in.

There we met James coming to find us.

"Where have you been, boys, all this time?" he said. "What have you been prying into, John? Have you the morning news ready for us, or have you been trying for a sea voyage? There are some anxious-looking owners that would be glad to give up their vessels for a farm 'way down east,' where they could speculate in nothing more insecure than the potato-crop."

"There *is* nothing more uncertain than the potato-crop," I went on to say.

"Don't give us a lecture on farming, my boy," he added. "I want you to go with me into the pawnbroker's; I really never thought of going to

such a place, of my own accord, but it has been suggested to me that my watch might be offered for sale there. I do not quite fancy going in alone at my age."

He must have felt about fifty, I think. But we went into the pawnbroker's with him, and told the man about the watch, when we missed it, and that we thought it had been stolen. He was not so scrupulous about the description as the police-officer.

"A gold watch, did you say? Roses on a gold face?" he asked, in a hurried manner. "Plain back, about this size? O, roses round the edge! What is the number of your house? I will send it in to you. It is very likely it will be shoved up here! Good morning."

"That is cool," I thought. He is accustomed to such things. "What did he mean by being *shoved up* here?" I asked, in astonishment.

"I suppose he thought it might be offered for sale, if it were stolen."

"But what a nice-looking man he is! Do you suppose he would pretend to buy it, and then send word to you, James?"

"I don't know, old fellow; I am glad I advertised it honestly, and then the thief, perhaps, may be tempted by a large reward to return it?

"I am going home, boys, and if you want to

show any more wonders to our friend John, why cannot you go to the Old House with him; it is not far from here."

"O, you go with us, James, for I cannot remember the dates, and all those things that he asks so many questions about," said Charley.

"But I can," said Ned. "I know all the facts."

"Why, what is there in one old house more than a thousand others, that you make such a fuss about, saying, who shall go, and who shall not go?" I asked.

O, because it was so very old! They say it was built in the year 1680. Soon after a great fire in 1679, when a law was passed to prevent the erection of any wooden buildings, either houses or stores."

"Did you ever hear that an Indian, John Manacho, or one-eyed John, threatened to burn the town in 1676?" asked James.

"This John of ours is not a one-eyed John, for he sees everything," interrupted little Charley.

"Hush, Charley, it is tiresome for you; you shall go home with me, and leave John and Ned to explore the city together."

"But I want to know what became of one-eyed John," said he, pulling me by the sleeve roguishly.

"He was caught and hung in September, 1676," said James.

"Well, it served him right!" said naughty Charley. "But tell on, James!"

"The same year, another fire destroyed forty-three dwelling-houses, a meeting-house, and some other buildings."

"But where were all the fire companies then?" I asked, in amazement.

"It was three years after that, before the first engine-company was organized, and an engine procured in 1679. And that very year there was a terrible fire in August. More than eighty dwelling-houses were burnt, and seventy warehouses, besides several vessels. And after all this mischief was done, then the law was made to prevent the erection of wooden buildings."

"I think it was quite time," I answered.

"So this old house," said James, "was built with beams of solid oak, and was covered with rough plaster on the outside, and bits of broken glass, used instead of pebbles, to make a rough surface; bits of old broken glass-bottles were thrown in, which stick in the cement and shine in the sun, and resist all the storms and decay of centuries. The figures 1680, which were then impressed in the mortar, are still legible. They told me there were shapes of flowers and of

squares and diamonds there, but I never could see them; perhaps the dust from the street for so many years had filled up the crevices, though the figures I saw plainly."

"Well, now that you have told me the whole story of the Old House, I can go alone and see it, boys; I will not detain you any longer." They were glad to be released, and scampered off as boys will, even in a city.

So I walked along slowly, to find the Old House; but when I came to the spot they had described, there was no house to be seen, — only old beams and ruins.

"What is the matter?" I said. "What have they been about here?"

"O, there was an old building here that has just been taken down; it was an old thing, and had stood on the corner of North and Market Streets many years. There was a clothing-store under it. Do you want anything in my line?"

The man looked at me as if he thought a new jacket would improve me. But I had no courage to explain it all to him, and went away so disappointed! But I found a correct picture of the Old House, as it stood, and I hope you will take an interest in seeing that, though you cannot see the Old House, as I thought you would when I began to tell you about it, or I am afraid I should not have taken so much trouble to describe it.

CHAPTER IV.

A RIDE IN THE CAR. — THE THEATRE.

As I had to find my way home after the boys left me, I thought it wiser to take the car and ride home. Mrs. Hamilton told me at breakfast that I could ride home in the car of the horse-railroad, and be left at the door of our house, at any time when I had lost my way or was tired. So I thought I would see how I liked this kind of travelling; and perhaps I should meet with something to amuse me. I felt safer, too, than I did in the streets, for I have no pleasure in stopping to look at the shop windows, — so many people brush by me and push me into a corner without seeming to see me at all.

But I like to look in at the jewellers' windows and see the statuettes, as they call the little marble images; and into the windows where they sell prints and colored engravings. And as I was looking at a fine oil-painting at the window of Williams and Everett's shop, some kind lady told me I could be allowed to go in and look around. I felt ashamed to tell her I had not

any money to spare; but she said I could "go in without paying." She must have boys of her own at home, or she would not have known what was passing in my mind.

I went in, and the room was surrounded with fine large mirrors; and sometimes there was a portrait which looked as large as life, and made me wonder who could have taken the face of a man, with all his thoughts stamped on it, and painted it on a bit of canvas to last forever? Then I went into a smaller room, lined entirely with pictures. There was a sunset piece, painted by Lane, where the waves after a storm, and the wreck of a vessel, with the red sunset light just touching the edges of the masts, and the caps of the men in the boat, seemed so natural, that I tried to remember if I had not seen that very wreck out by our rocks last year. There was a vessel coming into the Boston Harbor in a mist; and it seemed as if you could see the sunlight creeping round behind the vessels and lighting up points on the ship and boats, till I was half afraid, for I thought the thing moved. There is that great difference in pictures. If you look hard at a picture, and it seems to move, and the light in it to shift, as if there was a faint motion, then that is what they call a good picture. I tried two or three in that way. Some of the

vessels in other pictures had their sails set, and were scudding before a heavy gale, while the waves were not roughened by it. I don't know anything about painting, but I know a schooner from a brig, and a head wind from a dead calm, which the painters can't all be expected to do, as it is not their trade! I saw a fine harvest scene painted by Hodgdon, as natural as life, with the oxen drawing a load of hay and men loading it. That tall fellow on the top of the cart was rather long-legged. I used to do that kind of work at home, and I felt rather homesick at seeing the oxen, and fancied old Bright and Star must be waiting in the field, and wondering why I did not come along to lead them to the brook. After work I used to drive them into the pond to cool them, and drive off the flies. I stayed and gazed at the picture till I thought I was at home, and fancied I heard mother's voice calling to me, "Here, you John! what are you idling so for?" Then I started, and saw two gentlemen looking at me, who said, if I was so fond of pictures, I had better go to the Athenæum gallery!

"Is that free, too?" I said.

"No; but you can buy a season ticket at the door," he answered.

"And does nobody pay to come here?" I inquired.

"Nobody," said he.

"How very kind you are," I said. "Do not the people feel very thankful to you for allowing it?"

"Why, no! I think they only wonder when we shall have something new to show them. They are not very fond of paintings, and cannot tell whether they are good or not. You seem to like pictures, my boy!"

"I like home," I answered. "I like the pictures of the harbor, and the sunset, and the harvest scene, because they make me think of home. I do not know anything about the other paintings. There are some very pleasant landscapes; but I love the sea, because I was born on its shore, and I hope to die there, — if I don't get crushed or killed in this horrid crowd," I added to myself in an undertone.

"You must ask your friends to take you to the Athenæum, for there you can look at the statuary," he said.

"I don't think I like that so well as pictures," I answered. But when I did go, I found I was mistaken, — and I am often mistaken now.

When I went out, I went to the gentlemen and thanked them for allowing me — a little country fellow — to spend so much time looking at their beautiful pictures; and they said I might come again, which was very kind.

I saw a painted trout there, by Brackett, which was rather large for any of our brook trout; but it was painted so well, that you could even see the spots on its back and sides, — which we always like to do, — to prove, when we had caught one, that he was a *real* trout. Did you ever try to catch one? You have to walk miles always to find a trout brook — they are so shy — the trout, not the brook — and the brook *is* shy, too — it is half hidden in the grass, and you follow it, from meadow to meadow, and hear it laughing at you, and find it shaded by alder-trees and hazelnut bushes; and if your dog should go with you, — as our Sport always would, — then, after all your trouble, there would be no hope of catching a fish. They are so shy they won't bite if there is any noise or too much sunshine. The artist was quite right to "*put him down in oil*," when at last he had caught him; and I think the catching might have been the most difficult part to the skilful painter.

There were so many fine shops here, I liked to stop and look about me. But I saw another picture I liked, for it made me think of the summer days when I went after pond-lilies, and sat down to rest on the edge of the brook, with one foot hanging over into the water to cool it. The picture is called "the barefooted boy." It ought

to be called the pond-lily boy, I think; all boys are barefooted in the country.

I saw this in the window as I was waiting for the car to come along, and soon I jumped into one, and was travelling faster than I wanted to go, for I could not see everything so well as I wished.

One sign I saw was a picture of a great piano-forte, to indicate those were made in the shop below. A sign Deutsches Buchhandlung, to show it was a bookstore for German books and papers, and not Dutch, as I thought. There was a great market that came next, and a furniture-dealer's, with the furniture standing out in the sun. And another picture-store or two, and how I wished then I was out of the rapid car! Then a loaded dray with barrels stopped up the way, and one of the barrels rolled off just under our horses' feet, because the driver was so impatient! Then I wanted to get out, and I had one foot out of the car, when I found it had started, and I must keep on, or be left behind to walk.

There were two children in the car with sweet-scented flowers in their hands, and I asked them to give me a few, — I was so longing for flowers in this dry, parched-up city! They looked at each other, and then doubtfully at me, — as if it could harm them! — and very pleasantly handed

me some flowers, after they had decided *it was right.*

In the country we bow if we meet any one in the lane, and are so glad to be spoken to; but it is very different here. You must not seem to see people, or they think you wish to ask them some questions, and seem inclined to stop kindly. Or if you do know them, and they are in a hurry, they take care not to see you till next time, when they want to have a quiet talk.

These cars are built something like an omnibus, with a long seat and windows on each side and a door and windows at each end. It is the least expensive mode of travelling. For five cents one can ride from one end of the city to the other. From Cornhill to Camden Street, — as my ticket tells me. I think I will ride as far as I can go in this car, and see if there is anything pleasant and astonishing to see.

But then I recollected little Georgy at home, who was always waiting and expecting us to come in and tell him what we have seen. I have not told you about Georgy. One day he had a fall on the ice, and it hurt him so much, that after a time he had to be laid on his couch, and stay for months, till he quite recovered again. You would think a strong boy would be unhappy at being obliged to give up play and keep still

night and day. But no! he is not unhappy! The other boys come in and play with him, and we all tell stories in the evening, and Georgy laughs louder than any of us at them. And when his doctor comes in, that makes a little event for him; but he generally asks, "How soon am I going to get up?" And the doctor tells him it will be "quite soon"; and so we try to think it will, and we go on and tell stories and laugh till to-morrow comes again, and then we ask the same old question.

So I nodded to the conductor to stop for me to jump out, and I ran down the street to our house. As I came near, I saw Georgy's pleasant face looking out and smiling at me. I held up the flowers, and ran into his room to give them to him, and then ran down again as quickly, hearing James's voice in the hall, and quite an excitement among the children.

It was little Jeanie who, when James came home from school, ran to meet him, and exclaimed: "Your watch is found! Your watch is found! A young man brought it to the door, and said he knew it was yours, for he found it in School Street, and he *would* leave it, though you were not at home. He says he was at the office when the advertisement was brought in, for he had gone there to advertise it himself, and so

he brought it up here. He left his card for you." And we took the card and read the name.

"Ah, James!" I exclaimed, "there is your watch uninjured; and you laughed at me as if no one could be as honest in the city as in the country."

"My son," said Mrs. Hamilton, gravely, "I hope you will learn not to distrust your fellow-creatures; it is a very unhappy trait, and will bring misery on yourself and your friends."

"I can't help it, mother," he said. "Let us go and see Georgy. Is he awake, mamma?"

So we ran up into Georgy's room again. He was lying on his couch, by the window, and was quite awake, as he always was through the day. He was looking out of the window at the people, and to see what incidents might occur.

He is much more contented than the other boys, who have to go to school, and sometimes get punished.

"How are you to-day, Georgy?" James inquired, as he came in.

"I am pretty well," answered Georgy. I never knew him to complain, or to say that he was ill.

"Aren't you glad you don't have to go to school, and learn long, tedious lessons, and get whipped sometimes?" I asked.

"I never had to be whipped when I went to school!" he answered, proudly. "And I learn my lessons now, sometimes."

He has his books and slate, and he really can draw very well; but his best amusement is looking out of the window; and his couch is so near it, that he can see more than you could imagine would happen in one morning, — if you never passed a whole morning looking into the busy streets of a city.

"Come, tell us what you have seen to-day, Georgy," James asked, very gently, for every one speaks gently to Georgy.

"O, I saw a pretty sight this morning!" he said. "It was a woman drawing her little girl in a strange kind of wagon. It had a hand-organ in front, and behind the organ there was a little carriage for the child to sit in when she was tired. The wheels were beneath the organ, and the seat fastened to them, so she could pull them both. What a weight to draw! The child looked well and strong, and played on the tambourine, while her mother turned the organ.

"I think it was her mother; for nobody else would have taken such care of the little girl, and have been afraid to have her tired. Anybody else would have left her at home to cry. And Jeanie says this carriage was built expressly for

the little girl when she was a baby; and that when she was too little to walk about, the woman drew the carriage with the baby and the hand-organ together. She looked so neat, and the little girl was so prettily dressed, that it seemed as if people sympathized with them, and gave them money enough to spend.

"They were going by without stopping, to-day, but Jeanie ran after them; and they were so pleased, and played under my window. The woman nodded to thank me; and then people gathered about her, and she collected so many pennies! Then they played 'The Blue Bells of Scotland'; and some Scotch people at the hotel dropped a whole shower of money into the tambourine. And they looked so pleased, and smiled at me again, and nodded, as much as to say, 'We thank you for calling us here!' One nice little girl in the crowd was half afraid to do it, but then she did have courage to creep out between the people, into the middle of the street, and gave them her cent that she had saved up. It was such a pretty sight! Then a handsome young gentleman — I know his name, too — looked very hard another way, and put his hand out behind him, and gave the little girl some more cents in her tambourine. He need not have been ashamed of it, though; for *somebody*

saw it, if the crowd did not. Then Jeanie could not help calling out! For they had so much money. And the woman played me another lively tune, and they both walked off with the little wagon behind them, smiling and nodding at me, till they were quite out of sight. And, John, Jeanie says it is all on account of that little girl. Monkeys are out of fashion now!"

Monkeys *out of fashion!* To think of the beating of one human heart, in sympathy with another, being so entirely misunderstood.

Little Jeanie really thought it was because the monkeys with hand-organs were out of fashion, and not that the human child, earning its bread with toil, was an object of more tender care and interest than any monkey could be. And then I thought, Where have *I* lived, who never heard of this dreadful demon, Fashion, that even the children seem to dread and obey?

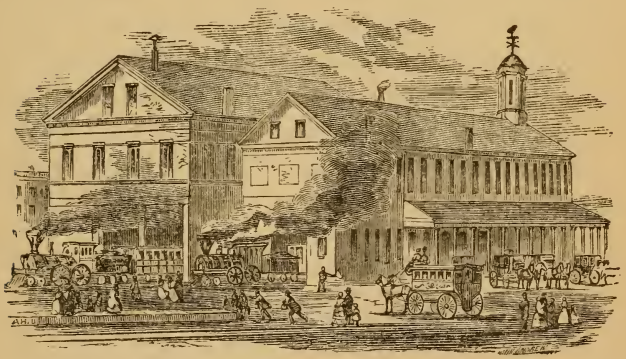
"Georgy," I said, "the people liked to see the little girl, so pretty and neat, — and such a little thing, too, — playing so nicely."

"O, I told Jeanie so! — There goes a minister!" he exclaimed. "I know him by his white neckcloth, and his grave countenance, and by his umbrella under his arm. They always carry an umbrella, John! See his tired-looking wife leaning on his arm, and her band-box in his hand.

— And see, there 's an old woman! She does not hear the carriage coming, she will get run over!"

"No, there is plenty of time, Georgy; it is because you cannot move yourself, that makes you feel so frightened for her. There, she is safely over," I said.

Georgy's window is not very far from the Worcester Railroad Station, and carriages are



going by all the time, — so that he sees people at all hours; and when the train comes in, they hurry from the cars as if they had been hurrying all day, and did not know it was time to stop.

"And there is a pretty country-girl!" he cried out. "She looks as blue as her blue ribbons. She thought it was hot weather in Boston, and

has put on her pretty new dress and bonnet to come to the city, and finds it colder than it is further from the sea. Spring has not quite arrived. I should like to lend her an ugly waterproof cloak, that the fine ladies are so sensible as to wear here.

"And there is a lame boy! Look, John, he gets along very well! I don't think it is so hard to be lame," he said, cheerfully.

"Not when you have us to tell stories to you evenings," I answered.

"And there 's my doctor's chaise!" he interrupted. "I wish he 'd look up. He can't stop now, for somebody 's very sick. I wish he 'd come to my show to-night. Will you come, John, and make James come, too? I am going to have my show to-night."

I told him we would come. Then, as a great secret, he told me that Jeanie had been dressing some dolls for him, and that he was going to have a circus, — like a real circus, — but I must not see any of the things till night.

So he took carefully out of his little trunk a doll, dressed in yellow muslin, trimmed with spangles; another in purple silk, with a green mantle; and a third, with white dress and scarlet trimmings.

"And this one is Blondin," he said, showing

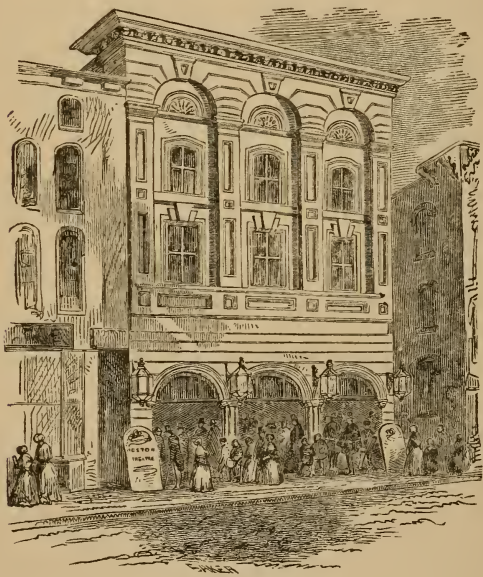
me a melancholy, forlorn-looking doll, with a peaked cap on its head, and a peaked face to match.

I thought the celebrated Blondin would not have felt flattered at seeing his representative so remarkably loose in the joints, and so stiff-limbed that he did not always touch the rope when he danced. For he was suspended by his neck, and hung by a little black thread quite invisible to our small audience. He could stand on his head, and turn a somerset ; and the more absurd he appeared to us, the more delighted Georgy seemed.

In the evening, when the little theatre was lighted, and the dolls moved slowly and solemnly around in the triumphal car, the effect was really very pretty.

There was a screen and a curtain before the couch, and there Georgy pulled some strings, invisible to us, and made one scene after another pass in review before us, in imitation of the large circus, where we went, in the Boston Theatre. And we were so astonished and delighted there, that we described it to Georgy the next day. And now he has his own little circus, as he cannot go out to a real one, and he invites us to be amused, instead of fretting over the disappointment.

I can give you a picture of the Boston Theatre. It is quite plain, with no attempt at display on the outside, but the interior, with a new glass chandelier, is most beautiful when it is lighted.



The chandelier is almost as handsome — and it looks like — the trees in the forest in winter, when they are covered with icicles and the sun is shining on them.

Georgy had a chandelier, too, and he was so

proud of it! Something that some toy-shop produced. But I think there was more real happiness that evening in our little theatre than in the large one. For I remember seeing one of the fine horses there leaping over a pole, when his feet caught in the rolled-up carpet on the stage, and a poor young woman, who was jumping on his back as he leaped, was in danger of being thrown and killed. But she still jumped on, with such a look of care on her face, when she stopped, that it made my heart ache, though she kept smiling all the time! Men, and women too, I notice, smile only with their lips, and not with their eyes, as children smile, — except when they are *very* happy.

I could not help thinking of the old law of 1750, that I have been reading since I came, that forbade theatrical amusements under severe penalties. To be sure, they *would* have theatrical performances now and then, in a small building, and pretend they were *moral lectures*, which made it worse! As to the British soldiers, that severe winter, when they had possession of Boston, I suppose they were glad to break our strict laws, and they had a theatre in Concert Hall, at the head of Hanover Street. Now I wonder really what the prim old Puritans would have thought of seeing a young woman standing on

one foot, on the back of a galloping horse. I think she would have been hung for a witch. I am sure she seemed like one; for she had not even a broomstick to cling to, while the horse leaped over pole after pole. It was quite fearful to me, who could never whip our Robin out of a dog trot, except when he stood on his hind legs to be more obstinate and immovable than before.

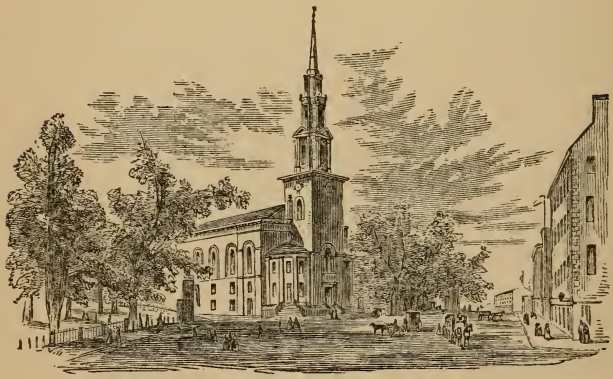
It delighted me, though, to see the young men who could hang by one hand or one foot, in a cloud-swing, and who seemed to have as many joints in their back as a caterpillar; for they were able to walk on their hands and stand on their heads as well as on their feet. It seemed as natural to them as to the birds and insects, that need no training to be wonderful. I wanted to do the same when I came home; and when I tried, it was a fatigue and such a torture to me. I could not help thinking, if my old mother should happen to look in and see me, she would say, "John, you gowk, you have no brains to spare; stand up and keep your wits steady!" But the birds fly when they are tired of walking, and walk when they are tired of flying; and why should not man cultivate his physical powers to the utmost? It is quite the custom now to try feats of strength; and those young people who

cannot do a hard day's work must *rest* themselves by rowing or lifting heavy weights, after a hard day's study. I am so puzzled, since I have been here in the city, that I have ceased to be astonished at anything.

CHAPTER V.

PARK STREET CHURCH. — BOSTON COMMON. — MAY DAY. — NAUTICAL SCHOOL.

One morning, when the boys left me to go to their school in Bedford Street, I walked alone to Park Street Church. I came to a burying-



ground, where there was a monument erected to the parents of Dr. Franklin. I could read the name as I walked along the street. How solemn and still it seemed, though it was in the

heart of the city; and as I looked through the iron railing that fenced it from the crowded street, the gray squirrels came and peeped at me, as they did at home, when I was in the woods; for the boys give them nuts as they pass by. I stopped to call one, but he only "cheeped" plaintively, and ran up the nearest tree, so I walked on towards the church.

I asked a grave, middle-aged man, who was passing by, with his hands folded behind him, how high he thought the steeple was?

He looked at me gravely, a moment, as if he did not understand my question, and then told me he had heard once that it was about two hundred and eighteen feet from the ground, he did not know anything more about it, except that it was built in 1809; and he walked on, as if I and my question were unworthy another thought.

My goodness! our school-house at home, where we went to meeting, did not have a steeple at all; but Deacon Green thought, if it only had a bell, it would seem more solemn, Sundays. But of what use was a bell, when, if we looked out and saw the folks going by, we always knew it was meeting-time? For people where I live did not walk out in their meeting clothes every day, as they do here. There was too much work to do at home.

As I stood there, looking around, — for there was enough to see any day in Boston, whenever I chose to stand still and look about me, — I saw that other people were stopping too, and carriages were driving rapidly. Then, ladies, with huge, old-fashioned looking bonnets, and with little sun-shades not so big as the bonnets, and of no earthly use, it seemed, — there they stood, as if something was going to happen.

"What is it?" said I, at last; for I could not see anything behind the wide-skirted women and the elbowing men.

"Why, it is a wedding, boy. Don't you see the bride?"

"No!" said I.

And really, while all the crowd were standing at one door, watching for the bride to come out, she had slyly walked out of the other door, and disappointed them all — except a few knowing ones, who had hurried round the corner in time to see the hem of a white dress shut into a coach door.

"Is this the way they have weddings in the city?" I said. "Is it all over so soon?"

Why, we have all the neighbors in, and they have such a time, visiting round for a week, and such a brewing and baking, besides. I think one of our country girls would be frightened to have

a crowd of strangers watching her, while her eyes were still wet with the tears she was too happy to shed; and while her cheeks were red with the blushes that only one should have the right to smile at! But a fashionable Boston lady, who would be afraid to meet a cow alone in a pasture, could face such a crowd as this without a blush. No wonder she wore the big, white veil, with the bunch of wild-flowers on top of it; but why didn't she cover it over her face? She did not wear a bit of a bonnet, either, — not even one of those little ones, that used to pretend to be a bonnet, when it was only a cap. If it weren't for the name of the thing, they might as well have been bareheaded.

After the wedding was over, which I could not see a bit of, after all, — but the carriages had driven off, and there was nothing left; so I walked into the Common. This is larger than Uncle John's biggest cow-pasture; forty-eight acres, besides a burying-ground in it, of ten acres. 'T is all fenced round with a handsome iron railing, and with gravelled walks, — just for boys to play in, or for anybody to enjoy. Such a noble, generous city this Boston is!

But I wondered if the boys who played in it now were as brave as the little fellows in the Revolution, who, when the British soldiers tried

to trouble them, by knocking down their snow-hills and spoiling their skating-ground, went at

once to the British General and complained of them, saying they would not bear it!

He asked why so many children came to see him, and if their fathers had been teaching them rebellion and had sent them to show it.

"Nobody sent us, Sir," said the tallest boy, and his eye flashed, and his cheek flushed at the insult. "We have never injured nor insulted your troops, but they have trodden down our snow-hills and broken the ice on our skating-ground. We complained, and they called us young rebels, and told us to help ourselves, if we could. We told their captain of this, and

he laughed at us. Yesterday our works were destroyed for a third time; and, Sir, we will bear it no longer!"

The General turned to an officer at his side, and said:

"The very children draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathe."

Then telling them to go, he assured them they should not be molested again. They retired in a line, as they came. Now when I see the little Boston boys in companies with drum and fife, or playing with snow-balls, or sliding on the Common with their sleds, then I wonder if they are

as manly and brave at heart as the boys of the Revolution. It was under this very tree that it

occurred, which was badly injured by a thunder-storm recently.

Last year, some little fellows in Salem saved a house from burning, and prevented the flames spreading down a long street, by their own exertions with their small engine and boys' fire company. There are boys now as strong and noble as the boys of the Revolutionary days, if they would believe it, and would be courageous and calm in the time of danger.

I want to look about on this famous Common. It is May-day to-day, and there ought to be some flowers visible; but there is not even a dandelion to be seen. The poor Irish children, who are fancying it is warm because it would be so in sunny Ireland on May-day, — they are walking about in a little procession, or in little parties, with a May-pole, and with wreaths of colored paper roses on their heads, and looking, in their thin white dresses, as purple as the first Hepatica, who comes out too early to blush, and only gets a faint tinge of pink when the sun grows warm.

One ragged, barefooted boy, with a crown of red and yellow roses on his hatless head, came to me and said, shyly, as he saw me looking at him, and wondering at his strange appearance: "Got any shoes?"

To be sure I had. Shoes! but only my Sun-

day ones, and they would not fit him, even if my mother would let me give them away. When my brother Fred gave away his first pair of new boots, and came home in the cold without any, because he had a pair of shoes at home, and said, in excuse: "Mother, George Fan had not any boots, nor shoes either!" Then she told us never to give away our new shoes. Now that Fred is a man, he has offered to give his life for a friend!

I was so sorry I had no shoes to give him at all; but I gave him some coppers, and then the little Irish boys thought I could give them all the same. But he looked so very poor and shabby, and yet so happy and so merry; dancing with his bare feet, and ragged trousers, and the silly crown of red and yellow paper roses on his head, and smiling till he showed a set of white teeth that a beauty might envy, and till I could not help asking him where he got the roses.

"Bought them!" he answered, and danced on as merrily as ever.

Bought paper roses, when he had no shoes to his feet! He could not be a Yankee boy, but one of the *foreign population*. How many rich boys, tired of their playthings, are longing for "*something else*," and yet know not what they want!

It was a pretty picture to see this boy, and so I gave him some money; the ladies around looked at me and smiled.

Did they think I was foolish to give him more money to buy paper roses with?

Yes! even a dandelion would have been precious to-day, but there was not a flower to be seen. A May-day as cold as December, with crisp paper screwed into hard, stiff flowers! O, how lovely our May-day was at home! The pastures were filled with pale, sweet flowers. We call them snowdrops, liverwort, bloodroot, and lady's-slipper; but here they talk of, and I learn to say, Hepatica, Anemone, Sanguinaria, and Cyprepedium, till I expect to see the flower, when I meet it, as crooked as its name is.

It is so very funny to me to listen to the strange languages here that they often speak, unconsciously, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. A little girl at my side is lisping,

"Ich will zum Grossvater!"

"Ist nicht daheim," answered her brother, pleasantly.

"Wo ist er?" she said.

"In wald hinauf," he told her, trying to quiet her impatience.

"Warum?" she then asked.

"Deinet-wegen," he said.

"Meinet-wegen?" said she, joyfully.

"Ja!" he replied.

This was just exactly like Chinese to me, so I said to another child near me,—

"What in the world does that mean? What are they saying?"

"Ah! they are only Germans; we are German children, too; but we go to the public school, and we can speak English so well, that we have almost forgotten the German language. Grandfather makes us speak it at home; and at the Sunday School we learn our lessons from the German books. But now we like the English best; but they won't let us forget the language of home. Those children were talking about their grandfather. The little girl wanted to go after him, and the boy said he had gone into the woods for her; perhaps to try and find some May flowers for her."

"Why could n't they speak English, like other folks?" I thought.

I had not gone far, when I felt as if I had been dropped in the tower of Babel, where every one spoke in a different tongue; for here was another one saying:

"Il serait allé à la campagne si le temps lui avait permis."

"What in the world is that?" I thought.

Then they saw me staring at them, — how could I help it? — and they looked at me so politely, and said, —

"Est ce Monsieur Français?"

I shook my head, and walked on. I should think they would know I was not one of their country folks, they were so brown, and had such black eyes and hair. My hair was white enough when I was a little fellow, and wore no hat in the sun for a while. The scarecrow had mine, and they promised me a new one; but it was so far to the store, — and I did not care about it. I would rather have had some shoes. Then my face grew as brown as my hair was white, and I think the colored folks look at me kindly, and I feel a little shy of the Abolitionists. I hear they run away with young colored boys at the South, — all for their good, they say! To be sure, I can't help it now, but I should like to be a little more like the white-faced city boys, who are so afraid to soil their hands and their stockings.

It makes my heart leap, to read about the boys of the Revolution, who were so courageous and self-reliant in times of danger. I am going over on the other side of the Common, to see if I can find the spot where that school-house was, on the corner of West Street. There was a gun-house

next to it, and one yard was common to both, enclosed with a high fence. In November, 1776, the General Court ordered four brass cannon to be purchased for the use of the artillery companies in Boston, and they were placed in *this* gun-house. As Major Paddock, who commanded the company, had been heard to say they should be surrendered, some individuals determined to prevent it. So they made a plan to pass through the school-house, and enter the gun-house by the door in the yard. The sentinel was at the other door, and so they took the precaution to pry open the door, at the time of the roll-call, so he should not hear them. The guns were taken off the carriages, and carried into the school-house, and put into a large box under the master's desk, where wood had been kept. Immediately after the roll-call, a lieutenant and sergeant went into the gun-house to take a look at the cannon before they were carried away, and they cried out:

"They are gone! These fellows will steal the teeth out of your head, while you are keeping guard!"

I won't repeat all they said, as it is not proper for you to hear. But they searched the building in a rage, and afterwards they looked through the yard; but when they came to the gate, they saw a cobweb there, which was still unbroken,

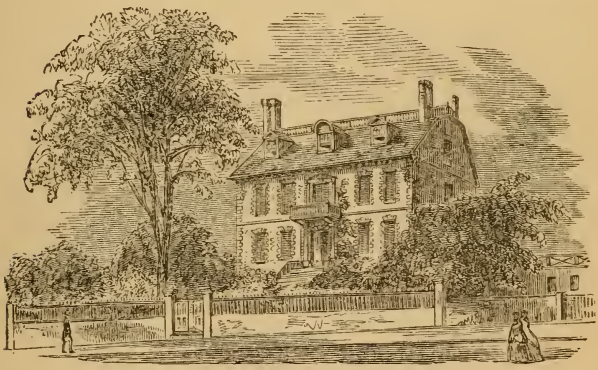
and so they knew the cannon had not been carried out that way. Then they went into the school-room, which they examined, and searched thoroughly, except in the box where the cannon were secreted. This the master, who was lame, had placed his foot upon; and, with the truest politeness, they forbade his rising. Some of the boys were present, but not one lisped a word.

The guns remained in that identical box a whole fortnight, and not one of the boys betrayed the secret. After that time had elapsed, and they were not found, the same persons who had taken them from the gun-house carried them away, and they were hidden under some coal, in a blacksmith's shop, at the South End, till they could be put in a boat in the night, and be safely transported within the American lines which was done.

Would there be so many boys now, with such courage and self-control? We have some, we are *sure* of a few; but a school full of boys who would not laugh at the discomfiture of the British, or cast a sly glance at the box where the cannon were concealed, would be very difficult to find.

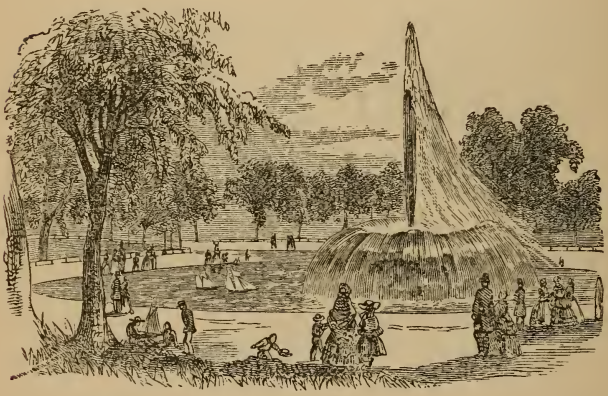
And I found it quite as difficult to see any traces of the school-house. There was an immense shop on the corner of the next street, and there

was a mirror there, where I saw myself reflected, as I looked up; and I seemed to be walking on my head. Now I often feel so bewildered, that I might as well be on my head as on my heels; but to see myself reflected as I felt was too much for me, and I walked back again, thinking I would take a peep at the old Governor's house.



It is a pleasant old place, and when the Common and the ground on which the State-House stands belonged to it, and the hundred cows fed daily on the pasture in front of the house, — which is the Common, — then it must have been far pleasanter than it is now, surrounded by buildings. They let me walk into the house one day, and I saw the old portraits, and the room where the Governor held his banquets; but I have seen many

old houses built by the same architect, and some of them inside were even handsomer than this,— only they did not belong to the Governor! General Gage had his head-quarters in one of these, in Danvers ; and there is still the hole left in the tapestry on the wall by a musket-ball fired at him by the rebels.



When I returned, I found the May children had formed a boating party ; that is to say, they had engaged a man to row them round the Frog Pond, for the large sum of a cent for the voyage. The fountain was not playing then, as it is in the picture, and the little Indian canoe carried load after load of little children in turn. It seemed a very tame amusement to me, who have been

out on the breakers of the fierce ocean; and I turned away, thinking how very strange it was that what is a source of intense delight to some of us should be so very insipid and repulsive to the rest. But we must each have our happiness in this world, and if we all chose the same thing, would there be enough to last?

Making other people happy, I find, is the only thing you can be *sure* to enjoy long; but it is so *inconvenient!* And thinking of this, I turned round and gave some more pennies to the poor children, and saw them get into the slow boat, and then went away, quite disgusted with such fresh-water excursions.

And I went home, and told my adventures to Georgy, who was quite amused by them. He said there were fine boating clubs here, and the boys in the city frequently take a boat and row out in the harbor.

After dinner, Mr. Hamilton told me he should go out to sail, and go on board the Nautical School Ship Massachusetts, which was then in the harbor, with its sails spread, and the United States flag flying, only waiting for a fair wind to get off. When we reached the wharf, we saw an old sailor, whom we asked to go with us, and help manage the boat; but he did not believe the ship was there.

"Where is she?" he exclaimed. "I can't see nothing of her!"

"She is behind the land," a gentleman answered, who was with us. "I saw her as we came from home."

And he did see her, under full sail, just leaving port! And our little sail-boat could not overtake her, though we sailed out with the hope that she had not gone. I wanted to see the boys on board, who are from the State Reform School, which contains three or four hundred boys, and then I could have told you about their life on shipboard.

Perhaps I may have another opportunity; but

if I do not, you must remember my cruising about in the harbor, with the memory of the fine ship under full sail that I saw, resting on the blue water, — a beautiful sight, but as unapproachable as a bird on the wing. They told me this ship was built in Medford, by Mr. Foster Waterman, and was originally named the Rockall. She is of seven hundred tons burthen, seven feet between decks, fore and aft, and the lower hold is reserved for storage. There are two water-tanks in the lower hold, that run nearly the whole length of the ship, that contain nine thousand gallons, and the water-casks contain three thousand more. She could accommodate two hundred boys comfortably, but is only permitted by law to take one hundred and fifty. One hundred and fifty berths have been put up, and they are so constructed that they can be taken to pieces, if necessary, at any time. They tell me, a better vessel could not be found. The officers' quarters are handsome and convenient. The carved work on the stern presents the State arms and motto, and other emblems of the Commonwealth, in relief. The officers wear a navy blue uniform, with the State buttons. The boys are taught all a seaman's duties, with regular watches and ship discipline, and occasionally make short voyages; it was on one of these that I chased, and could not catch her!

CHAPTER VI.

THE PINCH OF SALT. — THE OVERSHOES.

In the evening, when I went into Georgy's room, he began to tease me about my disappointment, as boys like to do; as if the disappointment were not enough in itself, without my being ridiculed! Then Mrs. Hamilton came in, and said, "Boys, it would be a nice evening for story-telling"; and told me to call the others, and to speak to Jeanie, who is very fond of telling stories, for such a little thing. Jeanie is the pet, because she is the only girl in the family, and every pretty thing we buy, and every stray cake, finds its way to Jeanie's pocket.

After we had gathered about the kind mother, who took this mode of settling difficulties amongst her children, she asked us what we preferred. Whether we would have a fairy story, or a story from the German, which she would read to us; or some poetry, which seemed to bear upon that old subject of disappointment, which children and grown persons alike suffer from.

We thought the poetry would be something funny, because, though she tried to look serious, her eye laughed.

So I said, "Let us have the rhymes, if you please, ma'am."

But Jeanie wanted the fairy story; and James, who is so very learned, thought the German story would be *more profitable!*

His mother smiled a little, soberly, but curiously, too; and said she would commence with the lines. Here they are, without any alteration, just as she repeated them.

THE PINCH OF SALT.

Sing, little bird, keep singing,
But be sure and not look this way,
For here, in the tall grass swinging,
We children are all at play;
Deep in the corn you'd find us,
Or tossing the fresh-cut hay,
But ah, little bird, don't mind us!
We're busy, don't look this way!

Will holdeth the salt in his fingers,
And the cage in his plump brown hand,
While the bird still so temptingly lingers,
'T is a prize he can never command!
How craftily creeps he, on tiptoe,
How stealthily biddeth us "Hush!"
"A bird in the hand," little Willie,
"Is worth two" or three "in a bush."

Ah, he 's off ! Don't cry, little fellow,
We all have the very same fault;
Every one thinks he 'd be happy,
Had he only the pinch of *fresh* salt.
That in life, when we chase fleeting pleasures,
And hopes seem ever to fail,
'T is because — like the child and the robin —
We could not put salt on their tail !

"O mamma, how comical! Ask John if he did not feel like that, when he tried in vain to overtake the ship? They said there was a vessel loaded with salt near. Why did not you board her, John?"

"You need not laugh; there is a good moral to that," I answered. "It is of no use to complain. It did seem almost as vexatious to come so very near the ship, as it did when I was a child, and used to run out and try to put salt on a robin's tail, hoping to catch it. Sometimes, I could get so very near the bird. I think we could bear disappointments better, if we were not often so near getting our wish."

"Ah, my dear boy! I will read a story, that your remark has suggested to me. One of the German stories that James likes to hear; and if it is too late after that for the fairy story, little Jeanie must remember that we are talking about disappointments."

THE UNFORTUNATE OVERSHOES.

FROM THE GERMAN.

At the corner of a city, there stood a little, tumble-down, rickety house, and there was a little garden near it, not much larger than a table. There was a solitary tree in the garden, — a fine peach-tree, — and beneath it there were half a dozen heads of cabbages and cauliflowers, and a couple of heads of lettuce. That little spot was called the garden. But a fine handsome house stood near it, and took half the sunshine away from the garden.

In this small house a poor day-laborer, named Ram, lived, with his wife. He tried to earn something, when and where he could, that they might have something to live upon. He split wood, or dug and planted the ground, or drew a cask filled with fresh water to drink on a hand-cart through the streets for sale, and his wife helped him draw it; or he swept up the rubbish in heaps before the doors of houses. But his principal occupation was to go of errands, across the country; and every one gladly employed him, because he was an honest, punctual man, whom they could rely upon.

But it was a tiresome occupation for him; for

he had to run many miles in the heat, or cold, in summer or winter, and always barefooted; for he never had any shoes, and no money to buy them. His feet were often sore and swollen, so every step gave him pain.

"If I only had a pair of shoes," he often said; "that would be a fortune!" But he could not get them! He would very often have a couple of groschen laid by from his week's earnings, and then one day would come, or even two, when he would have no work, and consequently no money; and then the saved-up sum would have to be spent for bread. "If I only could earn a pair of shoes," he would say, every morning when he rose.

One day he was sent to the city, which was five miles distant, to carry a message and bring the answer directly back, but it would be of no use if it was delayed. He promised to come back in time, and as he always had kept his word, they trusted him. And he started forward boldly on his journey.

It had not rained for a long time; the road was hard and stony, the ground hot as an oven, and the air sultry and oppressive. After he had walked a few steps, he could hardly go any farther; his feet burnt, and the red blood poured down over them, for the flints had cut them so

badly. "If I could only afford a pair of shoes!" he sighed, and as he approached the edge of a wood, he lay down in the shadow of a tree, and stretched his burning feet in the cool grass. He only wanted to rest a few minutes, and refresh himself, and regain his strength.

As he lay there and looked about him, he saw something in the grass not far from his bed; he sprang up to look at it more closely. Good heavens! it was a pair of splendid overshoes. They were made of stout leather, and the soles of thick wood, and studded with great nails underneath, to make them last longer.

"To whom can they belong?" thought Ram, and he ventured to take them in his hand. He waited half an hour, in the hope that an owner would come for them; then he called loudly after him, and waited another half-hour, but nobody came.

"Well, if nobody wants them, then I will take them for myself," he said; "and if any one comes to me, he may have them. And if I can find the owner, I will give them back to him."

He put the overshoes on; but they were so large and so wide, that his feet twirled round in them, like a stick in a porridge-pot; and they were so heavy on account of the thick soles and many nails, that they hung like a hundred-pound

weight to his feet, which were not accustomed to shoes. He had never worn them in his life before. He slipped about on all sides on that account, and with great difficulty arrived at the place. But that was nothing; his joy over his shoes was so great, that he did not mind the discomfort, and did not feel the fatigue. He arrived at his place of destination several hours later than he ought, and arrived at his home again many hours later still, for he came back in his overshoes, which had rubbed his feet quite sore.

When at last — tired to death — Ram delivered his message to the man who sent him, he received him with hard words, and gave him no reward; because the message was too late, and of no use to him, and besides, he was obliged to suffer a heavy loss on account of Ram's delay. So poor Ram was obliged to go home without his money.

"Have you come at last?" cried out his wife, as she went to meet him. "And do you bring your day's wages? I have eaten nothing to-day, and I want to buy some bread."

Poor Ram answered, hardly above a whisper, "I have not brought any money; but only see what a pair of splendid shoes!"

As they had no money, they could buy no bread, and they were obliged to be contented

with crusts left from the day before. But Ram forgot hunger and thirst, over his shoes. He laid them under his pillow at night, that no thief might steal them; but the whole night through, he dreamed they were stolen, which distressed him very much.

It was hardly morning when he awoke, and put on his shoes, after he had cleansed them from the dust and polished them, and he went into the city towards the market, where he usually stood at the corner of the street in search of work. But his gait was still more uncertain on the rough pavement than in the country lane. He stumbled hither and thither, and staggered like a drunken man. Every one who met him stopped and gazed after him, and every one was surprised to see poor Ram, who had been barefooted since his infancy, with such a magnificent pair of overshoes, that were almost as high as half-boots, and yet were much too large and wide for him. Soon a crowd of boys in the street assembled around him, and followed him, with mockery and shouts, wherever he went. They then thought of a roguish rhyme, which they sang to him. And in every direction he heard this song, so he was obliged to turn back and go to his own house. He lifted his feet as high as he could, and "klip klap" it sounded on the

narrow street at every step. A butcher's dog was quite offended at that, and as he came behind him he was so angry, that he bit Ram in the calf of the leg. Ram cried out with the pain, and fell down on the ground. The blood flowed down his leg, and the shoes fell off his feet. He picked himself up, and crept slowly home with the overshoes in his hand. His wife bound up his wounds, and the poor man was obliged to remain at home eight days, and hobble about, before he could earn anything more.

At last he was able to go out again, and he said, "Now I shall manage better." He wrapped old rags about his feet, to fill up the empty space between them and the overshoes; and now they fitted like a glove, and he went out in search of work again. But he had hardly gone into the street, when two constables seized him and said, "Come with us!"

"But where?" he inquired.

"You will soon see," they answered, and led him before the Justice. He examined and cross-questioned him, and asked where he got the shoes? Ram answered honestly, how he had received them. But the Judge said, "Some one else may believe that; we know already where you got them." And he ordered him to prison.

At the same time when Ram went through the wood with his message, there was found the dead body of a man, robbed and murdered. The overshoes belonged to him, and were seen by many persons on him. Now Ram owned them, and he was taken for the murderer, especially as they knew he had longed for such a pair of shoes so often. He was tried, and condemned to death in four weeks. That was very sad for poor Ram, who was quite innocent!

It wanted only two days to the execution, when Heaven heard the prayer he sent up, that he might not be executed as a criminal. Two highwaymen were brought as prisoners into the city, who had made the neighborhood dangerous for some time, and had committed many robberies upon travellers. They were convicted, when they were surprised in some new deed of crime, and confessed — as lying would not now help them — all the robberies they had committed; and among the murders, that of the traveller to whom the overshoes belonged. For they knew he had a purse of gold with him when they waylaid him in the forest. They killed him, and took possession of all he owned, except the overshoes, for they were afraid of being betrayed through them. So Ram found them, and, as they had no owner, took them away with him.

The happy Ram now received his freedom, and the Judge allowed him to keep his splendid overshoes, as a sort of recompense for his long imprisonment. Ram took the heavy overshoes in his hand and ran barefooted, as he was accustomed to do, to get home the sooner, and cried out to his wife, at a great distance, —

"Well, how do you get along?"

"Badly enough," she answered; "I have almost died of hunger! The peaches on our tree are ripe, and I wanted to carry them to market and sell them, to get a few pennies to buy bread with. But the sparrows came and ate them up, as soon as they grew red. Only see!"

Ram, who had not yet entered the house, looked and saw a flock of sparrows who were feasting on the crimson fruit. "Wait," he cried, "I will help you!" and then threw the overshoes at them, and was so fortunate as to kill one, that fell from the tree, while the rest flew off. But the shoes struck a window in the next house, broke through the sash, and struck a commode in the next room, and broke all the beautiful porcelain and costly glass, and a bronze clock, that stood there.

Scarcely half an hour had expired, when Ram was safely shut up in the same prison from which he had just been released. He ought to repair

the injury which he had done; but really his whole house was not worth so much as the porcelain vases that lay shattered in pieces. As he could not pay anything, the Judge sentenced him to six months' imprisonment. But he was set free in three weeks, because his wife had stormed the rich neighbor with petitions, until he released Ram from the punishment.

Ram came home again, and said to his wife, "No blessing rests on those shoes. They have brought us nothing but misery! In the first place, I lost my day's wages; then the dog bit me; then I came near being executed as a murderer; now I have been cast into prison again; all on account of those accursed shoes. I will get rid of them, and go barefooted sooner, even if I do have swelled feet."

So said he, and when evening came, he placed the overshoes in the street, before the house-door, and closed the door. "There some admirer will find them," said he, "who can see how he can get along with them."

The first thing he did, as he awoke in the morning, was to put his head out of the window, to see what had become of the overshoes. They were fortunately gone. Late at night, two jovial boon companions, from a beer-house, passed Ram's house. They saw the overshoes standing

there, and took them away with them, to play some merry prank.

I must tell you, that in the midst of the city there was a large, open space, surrounded on all sides by handsome houses. The place was planted with trees, shrubs, and flowers. In the midst of it, there was a statue of a deceased king in white marble. The king sat on a great, galloping horse, wrapped in a Roman toga, with a great wig on his head and a baton of command in his right hand. He looked so grand! But the square was not paved, and it was very damp and muddy; whoever walked there must be very careful that he did not leave his boots or a shoe sticking in the bog.

The two jolly companions had put Ram's overshoes on the feet of the galloping king, and on the pedestal of the statue they fastened a sheet of paper, with these lines, in huge letters, on it:

"Sir king, these overshoes keep on,
With riding if you're tired,
And wish to walk within the park
Without your being mired.
Heaven forbid, your royal blood
Should be a lowly *stick-in-the-mud!*"

Every one who went by the next morning stood still and laughed. Then the constable came, and took the placard and the overshoes away; and when every one recognized them as

Ram's overshoes, they took him out of his house, to give information as to who was the author of the trick, which they considered an insult to his Majesty. Ram could only say what he knew; so they released him with a cudgelling, and a warning to take better care of his overshoes in future.

Poor Ram went home again with a bruised back, and with his overshoes in his hand, saying, "If that will not do, something else will!" So he carried the overshoes to the river, and dash! — they were at the bottom of the water, for they sank immediately on account of their weight. Now Ram went home, and went to bed. It was the first night he had had a quiet sleep since he owned the overshoes. At first, he could not sleep for fear of thieves, and latterly, from fear of some new misery that they might possibly bring to him. Now he was quite at rest, and said, "At last I have got rid of them!"

The next morning, when Ram arose, and stood in the room with his wife, talking about their work for the day, their little window-sash fell in, broken to a thousand pieces, and with it both the overshoes, which struck the poor woman in the face, so that the blood flowed from her mouth and nose, — for half a dozen teeth were struck out by the blow. She fell to the ground, and her poor husband, in his distress, did not know how to stop the blood.

What had happened now? Some fishermen had cast a great net in the river, the evening before, so as to pull it out, filled, the next morning, with fish. As they drew the net in, they found it so heavy, that they thought they had a fine draught of fish. With great trouble they brought it to the land; but there was not a single fish in it, only Ram's heavy overshoes, that were caught in the net, and had torn it fearfully, with their sharp nails. In a rage, one of the fishermen took the overshoes, and threw them into Ram's only window.

"I was stupid to do that," said Ram, when this happened. "It will be better managed today." And when morning came, he threw the overshoes into the drain, where much refuse from the city was thrown; then he went peacefully to bed, and could sleep but little, on account of the groaning of his wife, who suffered so much pain.

He arose early, and went to his work. Then tidings came that part of the city was overflowed with water, and that it rose higher and higher every minute. They could not explain this inundation, for it had not rained lately, and the river was very low. Now they examined the city sewer, and, after a long search with their hooks, drew Ram's overshoes out, which had so stopped

up the drain, that not a drop of water could run off. When they were removed, the water flowed again.

The unfortunate laborer was led before the Judge again, because they recognized the overshoes; and because he was so poor he could not pay a fine, he was sentenced to receive twenty stripes, which were given on the spot. Groaning with agony, and with a black and blue back, he returned to his house, bearing his unfortunate overshoes in his hand.

He was many days getting well, and he looked in agony and distress at the overshoes, which stood in his room. Finally, a bright thought struck him. "If water will not put an end to my distress, fire will," he said. He wanted to burn the overshoes at once on the spot; but they were so thoroughly wet, and so penetrated with water, that they would not burn. They had to be dried first! So he placed them in the sun, in the open window, and went to his work.

At noon, a strong wind came, and dashed the window open, and then banged it suddenly to again. The window pushed the overshoes hither and thither, and shook them so, that at last they lost their balance, and fell to the ground. Splash, there they lay! But not exactly on the sidewalk; they fell into a great dish of sour-krout and sau-

sage, that a woman was carrying along beneath the window. However, that was lucky, for if they had fallen on her head they would have killed her, certainly; but the dish was broken into a thousand pieces, and the splendid sour-krout and the delicious sausage lay on the ground, and was a banquet for the dogs that came running by, from all quarters.

Ram would have repaired the injury, but he had not a cent of money. So they allowed him to take a groat from his week's wages — one every week — till they were recompensed for the injury. This he promised to do.

The overshoes were now dry, and they shone with the grease that Ram had rubbed into them, to keep them soft, and make the hard, thick leather pliable. The next morning he gathered dry wood, laid it in a heap on the hearth of his cottage, placed the overshoes on the top of the pile, and kindled it.

The flames streamed up, for they were richly nourished by the grease pouring from the overshoes; they caught the soot of the chimney, and kindled that; so that in a few moments the miserable chimney was on fire, then the poor shingle roof, and at length the whole house was in a light blaze, so that it was burnt to the ground.

Yes, the fulfilment of our wishes is not always for our happiness!

"O mamma, what a very nice story that is! Where did you find it?" said Ned.

"I found it in a book of 'new fairy stories,' but I shall not tell you the name till papa buys it for you at Christmas. There are many more stories in it quite as funny as this."

"And what shall I have, mamma?" said Charley.

"What were you wishing for, Charley, last evening, when you were going to bed?" said mamma.

"I was wishing for some new skates, and papa says I shall not skate this winter; that my sled must be enough for me till I get taller."

And Georgy, darling, what did he wish for?

But Georgy looked up with a demure smile on his good, honest face, and said: "The fulfilment of our wishes is not always for our happiness." Then we knew that Georgy's wish was to be able to be up on Christmas-day; and we all wished as he did, and forgot about our own losses and disappointments.

CHAPTER VII.

SCHOOLS. — IDIOT AND BLIND INSTITUTIONS.

I HAD been to many of the public schools, and they are so well organized, that the children are drilled like small soldiers. They leave the school in rank and file, to avoid confusion among so many. They sit with their arms folded, and at a word from the teacher they silently depart, one after another. The beauty and neatness of the school-rooms are so great, that I should think the poor children would be sadly disgusted with their own homes. But even that would be a good thing, because it would make them try to render these homes more comfortable. Did you know, that, before the year 1789, only boys were taught in public schools? Now, the girls have such opportunities for improvement, — with their High School and Normal School, which educates them for teachers, — that it is noticed how superior their education is to that of their brothers, who are obliged to work early and late, at a store or on a farm. I wish I could have gone to a good school, that I might have learned something.

I remember our school-house in the country, in summer, with the swinging shutter banging in the wind, — we had no blinds, — and how we sat and watched the shadow creeping along the window-sill, for that always told when it was time for school to be done.

How still it was, except the buzzing of the children's voices! And so stupefying, with the close air and the flies humming lazily, bumping against each other, like the sleepy boys on the bench, or like the motes in the beam of sunshine that streamed in at the window.

One day I almost fell off my seat, for I thought I was out in the fields and heard the locusts singing. But it was only little Peggy saying her A B C, and the old school-dame roused me with a rap on the head from her long pole. How I watched the shadow creeping slowly along, and how I longed to whisper the letters to Peggy, or shake her, to make her rouse up a little. Ah, I longed for the green fields, and hated the school-room!

But here in the city, where the boys and girls have a handsome room, light and airy, with maps on the walls and black-boards with drawings or musical notes on it, — for they are taught to sing too, — and with a real clock to tell the time, and the best teachers to teach them how to study;

and even with prizes — *if they are so good as to learn*, after all this trouble; — how can a boy help studying? If he should only listen to the recitations as I have done, sitting by the teacher's side, he must learn, in spite of himself.

I had heard there was a school for idiot and feeble-minded children at South Boston, and I was determined to see that. It seemed to me a very noble thing to help those who could not help themselves.

So I jumped into the cars and went a long distance, and I asked a lady next me — very shyly though, for I felt sorry to call the name of the school — if she knew where it was.

She told me; for she had a child there herself, and said that she was going to see it. So we got out of the car, where it stopped, and walked across a fine, large field, and a street or so, till we came very near the water.

There was this large building by itself, and we went in. I saw the children in their school. They were very small children, — those I saw in the girls' room, — and I wanted so much to stay and try to teach them. They had a large blackboard with a few letters on it, and they were learning to draw these letters themselves (they can draw beautifully now). And though the letter a child drew for A looked more like the

roof of a house, the letter O was quite a success; and she called out, "Now let me go out and play," as if that was to be the reward. Another called out, "A, b — A, b — now let me go out and play." How I remembered my longing to go out and play when I was at school!

And soon we all did go out, to a fine, large gymnasium, furnished with a swing, and ladders, for gymnastic exercises of every kind that was suitable for children, and they were quite as wonderful as the boys at the circus, in their exercises. The large, open door at each end of the room let in the brisk sea-air; and the children were so happy to be out, and so enjoyed the exercise, that I knew, if any child was not quite strong in body or in mind, that this was the place to send him. There was one dear little fellow, only five years old; and he came and sat in my lap, and put his arm round my neck, as if he had always known me. The teacher cautioned him not to be too forward; but the child knew who cared for him, — by an instinct, — and he clung to me still.

The muscles are strengthened by exercise, and the nerves are so braced by the fresh air and the sea-breeze; and the life is so regular, and the food so plain and nourishing, that some of the children, who could not help themselves when

they came, are so improved, that they can begin to learn trades, and are able to support themselves.

When I went into the school-room again, there were boys reading. One — a large boy, but very anxious to learn, it seemed to me — was spelling with great difficulty.

"Ary," he said. "No! *Any*," said the teacher. And he began again.

How I wanted to be a teacher there. I felt so very sure I could make them understand easily. And I told Dr. Howe he must let me come when he was in want of a teacher. But he shook his head, and smiled, saying, "You can do something better." Perhaps he thought I was not old enough. There could be nothing better, I think; but he knew how very tiresome it must be to repeat the same lesson, day after day, and have it forgotten almost as soon as learned.

I heard of a gentleman, who took a poor boy from an almshouse, who was incapable of using his limbs, or standing at all; and he was so improved in intellect, and so strengthened physically, that he made a good man and a good mechanic. Can any mother object to sending her boy, or even her daughter, to a home like this school at South Boston, where they can be made a comfort to their parents, instead of a grievous

and heart-rending care? One little girl I saw was perpetually repeating, "I want to see my mother; yes! I want to see my mother!" And they told me afterwards, that when she did go home to her mother, that the child was so much improved, it was astonishing. She did not seem unhappy at the school, but she was thinking of her kind, tender mother, who thought of the future life of her child, and was willing to give her up to a care more judicious, if it were not more watchful, than her own; and she had her reward. Some of the children now can draw very well, and sing beautifully. One boy had not learned yet to talk, but he could sing.

On my return, I stopped at the Institution for the Blind. Nobody can be admitted there without a ticket, and so Mr. Hamilton procured one for me. At the other school they let me go in, because I did not know anything about that, and when I told them I had walked so far to see them, they were too kind to send me away. I was so much pleased, I passed all the afternoon there, and had very little time left for the Institution for the Blind.

I forgot to tell you about the rows of neat, little green beds, I saw there, with white coverlets, many in one room; and the teachers' rooms adjoining, opening into the large room where the

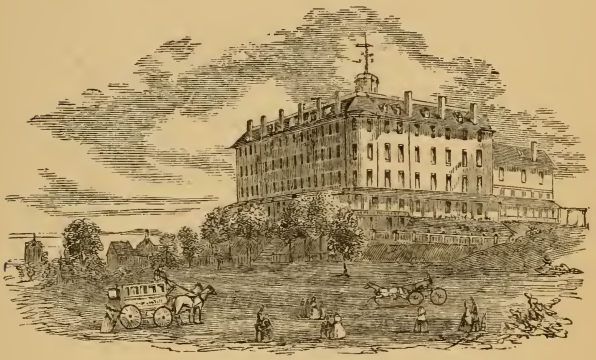
children were; in case of illness, or if one should be frightened, — as you are at night sometimes, — every child is, who has imagination. When I was a little fellow, some boy told me a hymn, which I suppose you may have read and known; but I have forgotten it. At any rate, it told of the two angels watching at the foot of the bed, and two at the head, which terrified me so, that I could not sleep. The thought of the angels being so near a poor little fellow like me was more than I could bear with calmness. And now — I have to bear the idea of the great God seeing me, and knowing every thought, without half that dread. For now

> "I 'm farther off from heaven,
> Than when I was a boy."

Not that I pretend to be a man yet, but I am not such a simple little fellow as I was when I first came to the city. And I 'm afraid, if I stay long, that home will be very strange to me. However, as I am not yet blind, as these poor children are, whom I am going to visit; nor deaf, I *must* see and hear wonders.

The children in the school for the blind have the same kind, judicious teacher as the first school I spoke of; and they are taught by raised letters to read; and to write, by a little machine, which keeps the lines straight, and the letters

even. Even their geography has its maps, with raised outlines; and everything is arranged for their benefit. They are much happier here than in their own homes, because all the other chil-



dren here have the same affliction; and so they never wonder at them. They have the same studies, and the same games, and so never feel the loneliness that they are likely to feel with other children. I will give you a little rhyme I made one day, and if any blind child should hear it, perhaps she would like it.

THE BLIND CHILD.

I 'm sitting by your side, Lilly,
I 'm leaning on your knee;
I feel your gentle breath, Lilly,
Like sunshine warm on me.

I know your eyes are blue, Lilly,
As the violet's eyes can be,
And I know your face is bright, Lill,
Because it smiles on me.

Though I never see you, Lilly Fay,
I can listen, O, so still!
Till I hear the young school-children
Come shouting up the hill.
Then I listen for your step, Lill,
Ah! I know it when you pass,
For it sounds like a wee bird, Lill,
Just running through the grass.

And I laugh where I am hid, Lill,
Behind the willow-tree,
To think you cannot find me,
Though you *have* eyes to see!
I 'm not lonely when you 're gone, Lilly,
I play here by the brook,
And when I find a rosebud,
I need no better book!

And I find the fresh, green moss, Lill,
The nuts and acorns sweet,
And I lay them with the flowers,
So softly at my feet;
Then I listen, like a mouse, Lill,
For the little squirrels creep:
Because my eyes are shut, Lill,
They think I 'm fast asleep!

And one by one they come, Lill,
Till they 've carried all away,
But they 're sure to leave the flowers,
Are n't they silly, Lilly Fay?
Our mother's voice is sweet, Lilly,
A rose it seems to me,
When she says I shall be happy,
If good I 'm sure to be.

Then I know the birds are good, Lill,
For they 're singing all the day,
And the waves are always laughing,
I can hear them in their play.
Why, everything seems happy
But those children on the hill;
Lill, are they always naughty,
Their voices sound so shrill?

Violets, I think, are rogues, Lill,
They know I cannot see,
Are not their faces funny,
When they hide their heads from me?
The snowdrops love me best, Lill,
They stand so straight and tall,
And grow where there is moss, Lill,
To catch me when I fall.

The sunshine in my face, Lilly,
Now falls so warm and bright,
You say it falls from heaven,
And there it 's always light;
If I 'm good, I shall be happy,
Ah, then how good I 'll be!
And I 'll go to that bright heaven,
For there I 'm *sure* to see!

Many of the blind children have a great love for music; and at the afternoon concerts, in the Music Hall, you can often see three or four of the boys listening to music as boys who can see never listen to it. And they sometimes compose beautiful music, — for they are taught music scientifically, as well as everything that we study in school.

The blind children in Massachusetts, whose

parents are not rich, can be admitted free; and others pay only a small sum, which is sufficient for everything except clothing. This school is really for children; — but adults can board in the neighborhood, and be taught trades in the workshop gratuitously. By children, I mean those under sixteen, which means children with us, where a boy has to work on a farm until he is twenty-one, and then receive only a freedom suit and a heifer; 't is, I think, very small pay, and keeps a fellow back, — but it makes him know his place in the world, — which the city boys seem to think is made expressly for them to smoke in, and to govern their way, which is more enlightened than the way of "the old school," which they say, now and then, I was brought up in. If I refuse to go to the theatre with them, which my mother made me promise not to do, then Mrs. Hamilton looks at her husband and smiles, and says, "Old School." If she means anything about our red school-house, at the four corners, where I went, she was right; for 't was a dreadful old school. They say they are going to have a new one this fall, — I hope they will; and I hope there will be a bell on it, for Sundays. Since I have heard the Chimes, what shall I think of going to church (I ought to say to meeting), with nothing to tell me it is time, ex-

cept the minister in his old chaise going slowly by, and one or two wagons in the rear, loaded with women and children — and babies, who always cry at the pathetic part of the prayer and sermon, as if they knew just when to shed tears, little wizards as they look, and are.

When the seats are full, they put a board across the aisle, between the seats; but if a fellow is shy, as I *used* to be, it is rather awkward to step over it, on entering the meeting. One hot Sunday, I had to sit on the steps of what was intended for the pulpit, and I could have kept very still and serious, if Jem Long had not looked in at the flapping window-shutter, and given a sly peep at me. Then I laughed out, before the congregation! We had no cushions to the seats — to be sure not! But when I go home, I shall tell mother they have cushions to kneel on, here; and perhaps she will think they can pray better with them!

CHAPTER VIII.

LIBERTY TREE. — BUNKER HILL. — FANEUIL HALL. — QUINCY HALL. — CUSTOM-HOUSE.

"JOHN, have you ever walked with me by the spot where the Liberty Tree stood, — opposite Boylston Market?" asked James, one morning. "The effigy of Andrew Oliver, distributer of stamps, was hung upon it. And a large boot with the Devil peeping out of it, holding the Stamp Act in his hand — this was an emblem of Lord Bute. The Lieutenant-Governor ordered it removed, but in vain. And some time afterwards, the distributer was obliged to stand beneath the tree, and make a public resignation of his office, before the selectmen and the inhabitants of the town. Then the tree became a favorite, and was cared for, and pruned, and was an ornament to this part of the city."

"And what became of it? I should think the Boston people would have been more proud of that Elm, than of the Elm-tree on the Common," I inquired.

"It was cut down by the British soldiers, when

they had possession of the city, that severe winter, and was burnt for firewood."

"What year was that?" asked Charley, who had followed us, unperceived.

"It was in 1775–1776. I am astonished that you should have forgotten it."

"We have studied Grecian History in our school lately. I do not know much about the history of the Revolution. I did not think," he said.

"Did not think! is the excuse for all ignorance, and for much sinfulness, in this world. I beg that you will think, in future," said James, loftily.

Poor Charley was quite extinguished.

"Do you know when the tea was thrown over from Griffin's Wharf?" I said. "Liverpool Wharf, it is now!"

"It was in the winter before, and it was this that determined the British to subdue the Colonies by force. At the close of the year 1774, there were eleven regiments, besides four companies of artillery, in Boston. In 1775, an Association, chiefly of mechanics, was formed to watch the movements of the British, and they patrolled the streets all night. It was this Association which gave notice of the plan to destroy the stores of ammunition, at Concord, and which resulted in the retreat of the British."

"Do you want to go to Bunker Hill with us? The British were defeated there," said Charley; "and there is a great monument there! — O, such a high one!"

"The British were not *defeated* there," said James. "The Americans were obliged to retreat, because they had no more powder and shot."

How outrageous that seemed to me, who had gloried in the Battle of Bunker's Hill, ever since I knew enough to read!

"The British were not defeated, you say; and the next thing will be, that there was no battle at all on Bunker Hill — I suppose — you seem to know so much about it." I could not help being a little angry at his tone of superior wisdom.

He smiled satirically, as he answered that I was "quite right; the battle was on Breed's Hill."

Of all the impertinence this seemed the worst. The Americans defeated at the Battle of Bunker Hill! and the battle, *such as it was*, not fought there! Have I come to Boston to learn this? Must everything be changed that I ever *thought* I knew?

It was true, however, for I studied it out in the history on our return home; and I find it

best not to think I know so much, and not to feel certain I am right, if an older person tells me I am wrong.

This has been considered the Bunker Hill Battle so long, the name has been changed by long usage. It seems the Americans were ordered to make their fortifications on Bunker Hill, and in the darkness went to Breed's Hill, which was more exposed to the shot of the enemy.

It is grand to think of their waiting quietly — but how impatiently — till the British slowly approached up the hill. They had to wait till they saw the whites of the enemy's eyes before they were allowed to fire, and then the British were shot down in great numbers. Again the British advanced, and again they were repulsed. Then one thousand fresh troops joined the British for another attack, and a small party of Americans joined the men on the hill. Then the British troops again, and for the third time, commenced the ascent of the hill. Unfortunately for the brave Americans, their ammunition was gone. The British rushed up the parapet, and this time were received with stones and the but-end of muskets. Prescott then at last ordered the retreat; but he and Warren were the last to leave the redoubt, and Warren was there shot. The retreat of the Provincials — as the Americans

were called — was bravely covered by the detachments of Americans in the rear, who had been there through the engagement. The roofs of the houses, and the steeples, were covered with women and children, filled with anxiety to know their future fate. For this was the first great battle, though the British were repulsed, and obliged to retreat, at Concord; and the first shot was fired at Lexington, where the Americans retreated; but only to rally, and drive the British from Concord.

There is a monument at Lexington, and one at Concord also. There should be one at Salem, where the first resistance to the British was made, at the North Bridge, when they demanded the cannon the colonists had secreted.

The British soldiers went to the house of Captain Derby and demanded the cannon which he had presented to the town. And his answer was in the true Revolutionary spirit, — "Find them, if you can; take them, if you can; they will never be surrendered." And they were not found nor surrendered. The British returned to the bridge, and saw that the draw was up, and there was no means of crossing the river, for the Americans had scuttled the boats that were kept there, and the guns were drawn by oxen, slowly, to a place of security, while the impatient

British were chafing on the shores. The daughter of the old farmer who drove the oxen gleefully told me the story, and some of the descendants of that old captain inherit his intrepidity and boldness in time of danger, as has been proved.

The monument at Bunker Hill is a plain granite column, with no attempt at ornament, — which would have been sadly out of place in a people who were so averse to ornament that gold-lace was forbidden; and embroidered vests, large sleeves, and even veils for the women, were preached against and condemned by court.

I was surprised to hear that even the Episcopal form of worship was objected to, and the Governor was obliged to interfere before they were allowed to hold an Episcopal service in the Old South Church. The first Episcopal society was in the Stone Chapel, at the corner of School and Tremont Streets. And there, too, is the burying-ground, where some of the most noted of early settlers were laid.

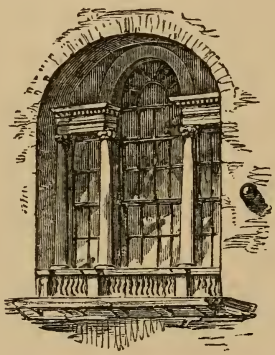
"Is it an Episcopal church now? Of course, after the trouble, it would be," I asked.

James said it was not; there were other churches now, larger, and more imposing.

"Let us go down and see the Brattle Street Church, with the cannon-ball in the front wall," he said.

"A cannon-ball in the front of a church is not a sign of peace and good-will toward men!" I remarked.

"It is not put there for a sign! you strange and stupid fellow," he said, laughing at me, as



he used to do so often. "It was fired from Washington's camp, in Cambridge, when Boston was in possession of the British; and it has been left there to tell the story."

Ah, I should like to see it!" I said, and so we strolled leisurely along through Brattle Street, till we came to the church, which is painted a light straw-color, and the ball is a shining black, looking just like the top of an iron-kettle, as it is half imbedded in the brick-work. I could not believe it was a real ball, and

that the church was so old. But it was consecrated in 1773, and an old wooden church was removed, that formerly stood on this spot, in 1772.

"How much the Boston people must enjoy seeing these relics of the old Revolution, and what pride they must have in preserving trophies of their victory over the mother country," I said.

"My dear fellow, I have mentioned this and several other things that you would feel an interest in; but no one cares for them or heeds them at all. You are so surprisingly new, you enjoy all there is to be seen. But boys usually do not care about such musty relics. We will go to Cambridge, and see Washington's autograph, and that of the Prince of Wales near it, in Harvard Library; and the first book that was printed, when the first printing-press was in operation, — that was connected with the College, — as it should be."

"What was the autograph of the Prince? He has so many names, it would be difficult for me to know the right one."

"Well, I *was* amused to see a gentleman, who was looking at it. He read the signature, nothing but Albert Edward, and he declared the Prince *had not written his name!* It is so very common for us to give a title of Captain or

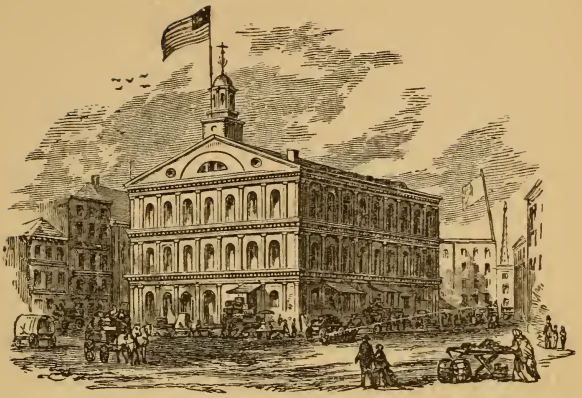
Colonel, that we can hardly think a Prince of Wales would have so simple a signature. There was nothing more needed. We all knew who was meant.

That is one good thing in this world. There is no need of a title or monument to a man; if his name is worth knowing, it will be known. We have only to say Shakespeare, Washington, or Franklin, and no one asks what Shakespeare or Washington we mean.

"Would you like to go as far as Faneuil Hall and Quincy Market, John?"

"O yes!" I said. I was always ready for a walk about the city, when there was anything to be seen, or when I had any one to tell me about the old places. We had only to walk along through Brattle Street or down Cornhill, which had formerly the simple title of Corn Hill, and has retained its old name; but we cannot associate the idea of growing corn in this busy street, where no one is willing to let the grass grow under his feet, so busy every one is here, and so crowded the streets were; for they grew narrower as we came to Faneuil Hall.

"Now, John," said James, with a proud air, "Now, sir, you may see the place where the first words of defiance to King George were uttered. This is Faneuil Hall."



"Why, your father told me that the British troops had their barracks here, and in the Town Hall, when Boston became a garrisoned place," I said, in surprise.

"That was at first, before the tea was thrown overboard, and when many families refused to drink tea, and even the students of Harvard College gave it up. It was amusing, when the British officers attempted to give assemblies, and the Boston belles would not go, because their country was in mourning. And now this very city has just given a ball, graced by the descendants of those very belles, in honor to the Prince. How short a time for so great a change! Ralph Farnham was alive to see it.

"When the tea arrived, that was the cause of so much trouble, a proclamation was issued. 'Every friend to his country, to himself, and to posterity,' it announced, 'is now called upon to meet at Faneuil Hall at nine o'clock this day (at which time the bells will ring), to make a united and successful resistance to this last, worst, and most destructive measure of administration.' It was dated Boston, November 29, 1773.

"The number of people that were collected there that day was immense. A watch was appointed to prevent the landing of the tea, — and you know the rest of the story about the men and boys disguised as Indians, who went on board the ships, and threw the tea over into the harbor. It is said this act determined the British to subdue America by force of arms."

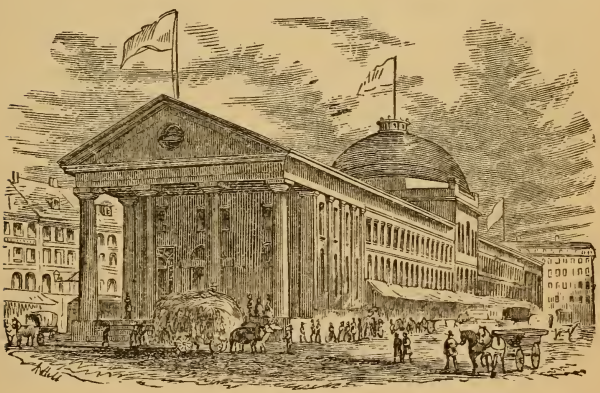
"Where did the name come from? It is a singular one," I said, — "Faneuil Hall!"

"How oddly you pronounce everything, John! It derives the name from the donor, Peter Faneuil. There is a full-length portrait of him in the hall, and one of Washington, by Stuart; and others besides, — one of Webster, by Healey. If you had been here when the Mechanics' Fair was held, you would have seen the interior of the hall handsomely decorated with articles belonging to the fair; and there was a bridge built

across the street, to unite this with Quincy Hall, which is named after Josiah Quincy, who was Mayor of the city."

"And what is this below?" I asked, in amazement at the immense amount of provisions arranged for sale.

"O, that is Faneuil Hall Market, or Quincy Market, I hear them say. What do you think of the amount of food consumed in a city."



"I am amazed!" I answered. "In the country we manage better. When one farmer has a *creature* killed, he sends a piece of beef or pork to his neighbor, and in return the neighbor sends some of his; and in this way we are provided with fresh meat through the winter."

"Except what you eat salt," he answered, slyly.

"Yes, we do not require much meat. We like bread and milk very well. If we lived here in the city, we should learn luxury and fondness for rich food. But it takes so much time, James. We come in and take a bit of bread, and a bowl of milk from the pail, and there is no trouble to any one."

"But because you keep no servants?" he answered.

"No, we do not! If one of the neighbor's daughters comes in, to help bake or to weave, when mother is busy, and then we go out in the afternoon for acorns and nuts, we should not call her a servant, because we are all working together."

"It is a very happy life, that of the American farmer of the old school," said James. "But the race is almost extinct."

"Very well," I said. I had no idea of being extinct, until I had learnt something more about Boston.

"When was this market established?" I asked. There were forty-five divisions for beef, twenty for fish, nineteen for vegetables, and so on, till I was confused counting them. "When was it commenced?"

"It was on the 20th of August, 1824," he answered. "There was a plate beneath the corner-stone, with an inscription, giving the names of the President, the Governor, etc., and the population, which was estimated at fifty thousand at that time."

So we walked on, and I wondered if James's memory, which seemed to collect dates and facts, till I thought there must be much useless rubbish in it, — I wondered if he ever stopped to reflect much when he was acquiring all this information. His mind must travel slowly with such a weight of facts, like an overloaded cart-horse, that would soon be distanced in a race. Ned has much more animation and intelligence, I think; but we refer to James in all grave matters that require judgment.

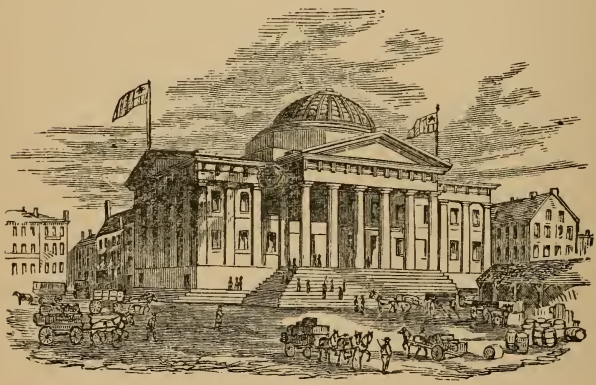
Soon we came to the Custom-House. I was sorry Ned was not here, because he is always so funny. And I was tired of asking James so many questions, and ashamed, too, to think I knew so little, compared to what he had read and heard.

"This is the United States Custom-House," he said kindly, — he noticed my hesitation. "It is built on three thousand piles; on the top of these is a granite platform, and on that the foundation of the walls was laid."

"It is a handsome building; what shape do you call it?" I asked.

"It is in the form of a Greek cross. The ends are alike, and the opposite sides," he answered.

I thought it was very handsome, for there was a dome on it, with a skylight on the top.



He would have told me more about it, if I had asked him, or had cared, but we were on the wharves, and I liked to look out, and see the vessels, and wish I was going to sea, as all boys wish, till they have tried it, and see how much more comfortable and happy they are at home. So I looked over the water till I felt homesick, and then I turned to go back, and saw James still standing and gazing at some old relic, and

ran off and left him. I was so afraid of having something very sensible inflicted on me, I could not bear any more to-day, I thought. When I go to the Museum, I hope you will like that better, if I tell you about it.

CHAPTER IX.

HARVARD COLLEGE.—GORE HALL.—MOUNT AUBURN.

My old friend James has now advanced in years and knowledge, and is in Cambridge, where we hope he will carry off some of the college honors. The horse-cars, which are running over Cambridge Bridge, are much patronized by us, and I am delighted with the pleasant trip in the Autumn, when the trees are changing. I am struck at once with the intelligence in the faces of the people I meet in these cars. It may seem strange, and perhaps a fancy to you, that I can find more striking and intelligent faces here than in any car in Boston.

There is one house on the way that I always take pains to look at. It seems as if an artist must have owned it; for the colors of the house are made to harmonize with the shades of the falling leaves. If it were a painted picture, the artist would be obliged to tone down his colors to these beautiful tints, and leave perhaps one crimson tree to stand out in relief, in his picture. And here nature and the owner of the

house have done the same. One thing I wish you to observe, because children see so little of all that is beautiful around them. I want you particularly to notice, that everything corresponds in color *out of doors*. If there is a yellow house, or a brown house, then you will be sure to find a yellow tree, or a shaded brown and crimson tree by it. The very grass and the earth at your feet, if near the house, partake of the same shade. Once I was sure Nature had made *one* mistake, and I had caught her in it, when I saw the dark dome of a church, — freestone, it looked, and the sky was gray; but as I came nearer, I saw that the purplish clouds had come near the slated roof, and there it was all one color, as if the same brush had been used to paint both. And in a painting, the artist carries the same color through the picture, to imitate Nature, who paints so much better than we can. Another time, in the country, I looked over the hills and the beautiful landscape; but near me, there was a large, black barn, edged with dark red. This was unpoetical, you think; but no! the birches on the side next the red edge of the barn were red in the stems, — they were quite bare and leafless, — and the same kind of trees on the slate-colored side of the barn were a dull gray; not a shade of crimson was near them;

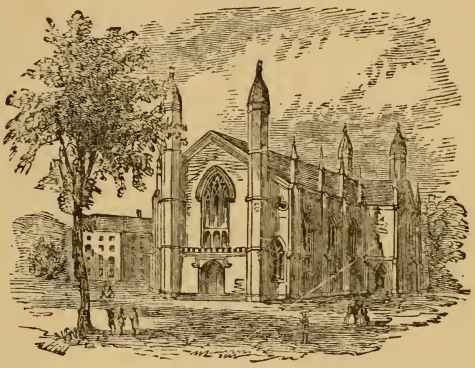
not a shade of red in the dried grass; nothing but a gray shadow. Look for yourselves, and see the truth of this. They would not believe me at first, when I called the country children to see; but very soon they saw the color, and their mother and father were called in to be delighted with the pretty fairy sight. Ah! there is enchantment all around us, if our eyes were not too dull to see its beauty.

The first great undertaking, after the Revolutionary War, was the building of a bridge between Charlestown and Boston. Many persons thought it a foolish project; but the bridge was made and finished, and opened for passengers on the 17th of June, 1786. Has it been a foolish project? It had been talked of even in the year 1720. The next great undertaking was this Cambridge Bridge, where we are going over, without thinking of the difficulties there were to overcome when it was built; and supposing it had been always there, — always, since *we* have been living! There was a causeway commenced the 15th of July, 1792, and the bridge was finished and open for passengers on the 23d of November, 1793.

They afterwards told me that the Old South Bridge was opened for passengers in the summer of 1805, and Craigie's Bridge in the summer of 1809.

HARVARD COLLEGE.

Do you care anything about bridges? I am sure you do not, or I could tell you much more about them. I have waited too long now, and the cars are still going on by Gore Hall, where there is a



fine library, containing over a hundred thousand volumes. These are divided into a Public, Law, Medical, and Theological Library. If the young people will only learn half that is expected of them, and provided for them to learn, what a wonderful race the American youth would be; as wonderful as they think they are now! There are manuscripts here, in Arabic, Persian, Hindostanee, Japanese. I wish there was one in the original Marblehead dialect, that formerly puzzled all but the inhabitants of that place.

Harvard College, to which this library belongs,

derives its name, as you must have heard, from Rev. John Harvard. He left one half of his estate, eight hundred pounds sterling, to the school in Newtown, which Cambridge was then called. Then the General Court agreed to found a college and give it his name. This idea of a college had been thought of before, six years after the settlement of Boston; but there was so little money at that time, in the early settlement of the colonies, to spare for education, that the small sum which commenced the school at Newtown, four hundred pounds, would not have been sufficient for a college without this bequest. Since then it has had frequent and munificent donations from private individuals, and for different professorships.

There is also a Scientific School, supported by a fund of fifty thousand dollars, left for that purpose by Hon. Abbott Lawrence; and this school is adapted to the wants of those young men who have not passed through college, and it fits them to be civil engineers, chemists, &c. When I am a little farther advanced in my studies, I shall enter there for a short time, as Mrs. Hamilton says I shall make a better farmer if I study chemistry and agriculture here.

Before we returned to the city, we went to look at Mount Auburn, which is a lovely resting-

place for the dead. They have nothing equal to it in beauty in Europe. It is the tender love of the survivor which cares to make the last home of a friend beautiful after death. This is so filled with lovely flowers, and dotted with white marble monuments, you feel it would be no great hardship to have to lie there, while the busy turmoil of life was going on unheard around and above you.

I must mention the fine statue of James Otis, in the Chapel, by Crawford, which cannot be too much praised. There were three other statues to be seen there, too; but this is not the time nor the place to speak of them. When you go yourself, I hope you will return to the rude city, as I did, with a sense of quiet and repose that will not soon leave you. It brought to my mind an old hymn which I love to read, and hope you will like: —

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
Who softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

"The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their sweet repose,
Than summer-evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose."

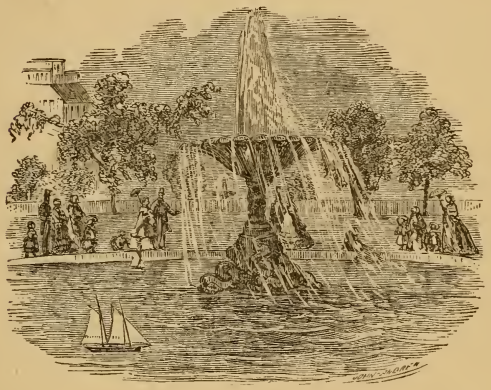
CHAPTER X.

MERCANTILE LIBRARY. — THE SLEEPY ROSES.

TIME, that waits for no one, like the hurrying crowd of busy people, and the rattling carriages in the noisy streets, that warn us to hasten us on, lest we be crushed beneath them, — this old, never-resting Time has carried us on from pale, early spring, to bright, cheerful, frosty winter.

The Post-Office has been removed from State Street to an airy, cheerful, well-lighted building in Summer Street, where the face of my early friend, Franklin, looks down benignantly on the busy crowd in the streets beneath, gently suggestive of penny-postage, which he instituted. New streets have been opened through Winthrop and through Otis Places. Arch Street has been changed to New Devonshire Street, and handsome houses of brick have been taken down to give room for stores. Even Winter Street has not escaped. And we wonder if the inhabitants will still be told to "move on," like poor Joe, in Dickens's story, and whether they will not be forced to retire like the Indians, and live on the

very outskirts of their first settlement. For Blackstone and Franklin Squares, Union and Chester Park, with expensive fountains, and with a strip of green grass in their centres, planted



with young trees, and enclosed by handsome iron fences, are certainly pleasanter places of abode than the noisy, heated streets in the centre of the city. The very heart of the city is changing in appearance faster than I can daguerrotype it to you. Here is the window of Sowle & Jenks's shop, and I too stop with the crowd, to look at the pictures. To-day, there is a Magdalen — but not a good copy — from some old master; to-morrow, or when I come again, there may be some Italian landscape, or a sunny New England

scene. The small, tattered boys, and the rough men, and even the fine ladies, who see least of what is going on, they all loiter and linger where a fine picture is to be seen. Next in turn is Holbrook's, now changed too; with embroidered cloaks and pretty infants' dresses, that I long to buy for Peggy at home, who never will know what she *ought* to have worn. And next, Moseley & Co.'s, with shoes of all sizes, that look tempting to small feet. Here, too, is the Mercantile Library in the same building, where any person engaged in mercantile pursuits, who is over fourteen years of age, may become a member of the association, by paying annually two dollars. Others paying the same may be entitled to all the privileges but that of voting. The Mercantile Hall will accommodate seven hundred persons, and is well adapted for a concert or a lecture-room. Here a course of lectures is delivered every winter, and as the tickets are only sold to members, their popularity has been so great, that it is sometimes necessary to have two courses of lectures given. I have been to only one, and to the lectures before the Lowell Institute.

I like the Newspaper Room, which is in the front of the building, and is furnished with paper-stands, where pleasant old gentlemen are

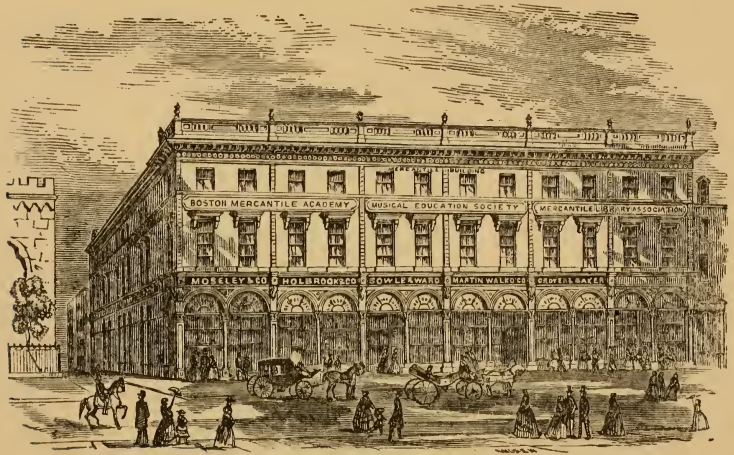
seen reading the papers. I went in one day, and the old shyness seized me, and I ran out again, without seeing half I might; but I glanced at a copy of Stuart's Washington, and saw there were pictures of Webster, Everett, and other noted men, hanging on the walls, and a statue of the wounded Indian, by Stephenson. This institution is the oldest library association, being founded in March, 1820. In time, the library will be probably increased to the number of twenty-five thousand volumes, which the shelves would accommodate. It is rapidly increasing, and is very popular among the people. There is also a periodical room supplied with tables for reading, and a cabinet of curiosities belonging to the Marine Society and the Association.

The Musical Education Society has rooms here. I know nothing of music, but I heard a young lady in the distance trying to sing something impossible for a human voice to attain, so it seemed to me, and I ran off with a shudder, wondering why society demands music from the unmusical, and why drawing, modelling, and painting are not so universally expected to be studied. A hand-organ would grind out music in better tune and time than many a tortured piano in a fashionable parlor; and the ear and voice that could not be tutored into harmony might well

be found wanting, if the eye were perfect in keenness and the hand in nicety of touch.

As I ran down the wide stairs into the street below, I saw the carriage waiting with its one gray horse and one bay one, and I jumped in to join Jeanie in her drive. I too, in my way, have changed, from a poor country boy, with long hair and russet jacket, to a spruce young fellow, made up according to the latest pattern of the Boston tailors. I will not tell you whether Oak Hall or Fenno's boys' clothing store is patronized by me. You will not approve of my taste, if I have not chosen your tailor; but my hair is cut as short as the bristles on a shoe-brush, and I sport a cane and gloves on Sunday, when I walk with Jeanie to the Italian church (which was held in this building last winter), or to the French one in Spring Lane. There is a German church which the ladies sometimes attend, but in all languages, which they think they know so remarkably well from books, they find that in every-day life, in this, as in all things, there is something which books cannot teach.

I wish my mother could see me now! I often long for the green lane in the woods, and the little church without a spire, and the murmuring of the sea, but I shall wait till next summer's vacation before I return. I, too, shall become a city boy by that time.



MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

I did not wish to change my style of dress and manners, till James hinted, one day, of a "Pride that apes humility," and then I knew that it was pride that made me wish to be different from the rest, and that it was generally better to conform to the habits of the people where we live; so if I go to Kamtschatka, I shall expect to dress and live as they do!

One evening, when I was in Georgy's room, Mrs. Hamilton told us a story that made me feel ashamed of my pride and ignorance. I will tell it to you, and perhaps you too may profit a little by it.

Georgy had become tired of his theatre, — he is older now, — and our neighbor, Mrs. Darton, came in to make a visit and to condole with Georgy and pity him, — which he dislikes very much, — a bright, cheerful, little fellow as he is; then she asked us what we were doing, and said that a fine, tall lad like me should have some settled occupation, and should be learning to work; I, who had been working ever since I was able to hold a rake or hoe a potato till now, and I thought I was only following the fashion when I did nothing!

Mrs. Darton was quite a beauty once, and she forgets that she is not one still. She curls her fine, soft, gray hair, and she is very stout and

large, -- fine looking, they call it, — and has such a deep voice, you would suppose she was colonel of a regiment, and had grown hoarse from giving the word of command. She sat, spread out in her wide-skirted dress, and eyed me through! If it had been one of the cattle out in our pasture I should have been afraid of her eye, and known she would hook; but she was a *lady*, who carried honey in the sweetness of her smile, and a sting in her tongue, but not always hidden, like the bee's sting, till she was wounded.

Sweet little Mrs. Hamilton would not have my feelings hurt by her remarks; but she kindly said, I "was young yet, and there was time enough to learn." Then, after Mrs. Darton had gone out of the room, with her white hair flowing in long ringlets, and her hard, cold face twisted into something resembling a sweet smile as she bade us "good by," then Mrs. Hamilton asked us if we felt like hearing a story.

Ah, we did, indeed! Georgy was so tired, listening to her sensible remarks, that he felt quite discouraged, and thought it was of no use to try to be happy, if people who were well were so discontented and so dissatisfied with life.

Then little Jeanie, who is fast growing into a young lady, begged dear mamma for "just one

more nice fairy story; such as we had when *we were children*, mamma," she said.

Then Mrs. Hamilton smiled kindly on her little girl, and commenced the following story.

THE SLEEPY ROSES.

"WHAT is the use of trying to be happy?" said the little fairy Tinetta, as she sat listlessly on the broken stalk of a buttercup. (Here Mrs. Hamilton looked at Georgy, and he smiled.) "What is the use of trying to be happy! I have worked busily the whole afternoon, and I cannot fasten the moss to those stupid roses. If they only knew what I was trying to do for them! But there are some slow-minded people in this world, who will never take a new idea; so there they sit, with their bare stalks, as cold and prim as Quakers. It makes me shiver to touch them; their very thorns shine with cold!"

All this time the roses were as happy, and drooped their plump, heavy heads as lazily, as if they had nothing to do but laugh and look sleepy.

Poor Tinetta! She was provoked with them.

"What can I do?" she said. "Let me try a little persuasion; for I must finish my work, even if they are ungrateful."

"Sweet Miss Rose," she said; "can you sit a little more to the right, and let me wrap this soft mantle around your shoulders? It will soon be night, and then you will be so cold, that I am afraid you will not be able to sleep soundly without it.

"I think she will understand that!" said Tinetta.

But no! The clumsy head of the rose dropped heavily on one side, and Tinetta started up in dismay, — as frightened as you felt when you tried to lift your baby brother one day, without leave, — she thought the head was falling off.

"O dear!" she said, in despair; "if I try to touch them again, all their leaves will drop off. And they are quite as contented as if they knew as much as the rest of the world. How delightful it is to be so stupid! No one requires anything of you, and you can sleep all day without feeling fatigued.

"Ah! my limbs ache now, from sitting still so long; I must run a race with those grasshoppers, or *I* shall go to sleep too!"

And away they danced together. At first, the grasshoppers seemed to beat in the race; for they took such woful strides that Tinetta laughed behind her wing, to see them quite out of breath with fatigue; but she spread her gauze dress out

lightly in the air, and let her long curls fly, and away she went over the ground like a flower blown along by the wind. The clumsy grasshoppers put on their stilts in vain. Their heavy boots prevented their running fast, and to tell you the truth, the best thing they can do is to listen. They hear the grass grow, and tell all the secrets that are going on below it. What else should they have ears in their heels for, — as the wise men say, — (though, to be sure, we have looked for them in vain). No wonder they keep chirping all the time, if they have so much to tell!

Well, when Tinetta had won the race, she came back feeling quite refreshed, and thought she would go to her work again.

But now it was nearly dark, and the flowers were shut for the night, and she had hardly time to creep into one that was left half open, before the gray moth, like a monk, rang the bell for all doors to be closed.

The next morning, Tinetta awoke quite refreshed. She sang to herself a little song about the birds and the butterflies, for her heart felt quite light, and she hoped to rouse the heavy, stupid Roses to a little of her enthusiasm. But what did they care for the bird's song or the butterfly's wing! Their heads were still so heavy

with dew, that they rubbed their eyes to brush the tears away, before they could peep out.

"I really believe," said Tinetta, "they never would have awakened at all without that shower-bath."

"Now, my dear children," she said, for Tinetta felt very old and wise when she was giving advice, "now, my dear children, you must listen to what I have to say. Your mother, the Flower Fairy, has given you into my care, and all I ask of you is to let me give you a few new ideas and a few graces that you need."

Poor Tinetta might as well have talked to the wind, as expect them to listen to her. What did they know of ideas? and as for graces, they knew how to nod their heads, first on one side and then on the other, and what did they want to know more? They could spread out their leaves, too, and look pretty, and bend to some visitor, — if they were awake, — and why should they try to do more in the world? Is not that all some people are made for?

Poor Tinetta was unhappy about it. She was afraid the Flower Spirit would blame her, and think she had not given them wise instruction.

So she placed her hand on her heart and commenced a moral lecture, which I am afraid I cannot correctly repeat, because the Fairy language

is different from ours, and I think you would not understand it.

She asked them to look abroad into the beautiful world, and see how busy the birds and the bees were, and how many lovely things were passing before their eyes, if they would only look up and gaze on them. For there were pictures as beautiful as a Panorama. There were the clouds in the sky forming landscapes all the time. And there was the rainbow, like a bridge for the spirits to walk on, which they never took the trouble to look at; and a thousand other beautiful things they were too idle to see.

"O dear!" said Tinetta, "they are asleep again! I must ask the Queen Mother to-night what I *must* do. I shall wear my life away, trying to make the blind see."

And that very night, at sunset, when the Court met, Tinetta caught a pair of Grasshoppers, and harnessed them to an acorn cup. You can see the horse's head and part of the harness on all Grasshoppers now. Then she put on a sober robe of gray cobweb and silver dewdrops; and with a blush from the heart of a Rose on her cheek, and a Firefly's lamp in her hand, she drove off in great state to the Court.

On her arrival, the Queen made room at her

side for her favorite fairy, and asked her what hidden grief caused her to appear in mourning at a festival.

Then Tinetta presented her petition, which was written on a rose-leaf with a quill from the wing of a Butterfly.

"What is the matter with my Rose children," said the Queen, after reading the petition; "are they really wanting in intellect? Or have they no interest in the affairs of life?"

"May it please your Majesty," said Tinetta, kneeling, "I have offered them knowledge, but they would not accept it. I offered to give them the new charm which the Flower Spirit bestowed on the Moss Rose, and they would not receive it. Must I remain everlastingly unhappy because my task cannot be done, or shall the Roses be punished in my stead?"

Then the Fairy Queen smiled on poor little Tinetta, who had labored so long in vain, and commanded her Court to declare a punishment on the heedless Roses.

After a long and wise consultation, when the fire-fly lamps grew dim, and the gray moths swept by, to hint that the morning gray was dawning over the hills, — then the Fairy Court declared a punishment. And it was, — that the white Roses should forever after wear a perpetual

blush. And the Roses blush and hang their heads to this hour.

Nobody knows the reason, — but now *we* know it!

After hearing this story, I was so impressed with the consciousness of my ignorance and unwillingness to learn, that I have been trying to improve myself. I go to the Lowell Lectures, and I study daily a few hours. These lectures are given from October to April, all through the winter months. The name is given for the founder, John Lowell, Esq., who left two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for this purpose. There are four or five courses of lectures, and twelve lectures in each course, on various useful subjects. They are free.

CHAPTER XI.

STATE-HOUSE. — BOSTON WATER-WORKS. — HOSPITAL. — NEW CITY JAIL.

"ARE there no skates, mamma?" said little Jeanie; "are there no skates for me?" she said, when the New Year and Christmas presents were opened, and the Christmas-tree in its full beauty glittered with lights and gilded fruit. The little girl was so disappointed that her skates had been forgotten, she cared nothing for the other gifts. But when her Uncle William came in, soon after, with a new pair of skates for her, then she was quite happy again.

Then we made a merry party. Jeanie with her new skates and in a pretty bright blue and white hood, looked so sunshiny and happy, that Georgy saw her go out with a smile. And we all set off for the skating-ground together. It is a merry sight to see the skaters, with their bright-colored dresses. And the young girls enjoy the sport even more than the boys do, because they have so little exercise in the open air. Many sleighs passed us on the Boston Neck.

Many fast horses and handsome sleighs with ringing bells, that made merry music to the sound of the horses' hoofs. It was so exhilarating, that I tossed up my cap and shouted!

"Ah! old fellow, you like this," said James.

"Like it, yes!" I said. "I think Boston is the place to live in, in winter; but in summer, I want the green trees, and to see the grass grow."

"Can you see the grass grow," said Jeanie, laughing at me. "Ned, ask John the conundrum you asked me, and make him guess it. He is a true Yankee."

"What is the color of the grass, under the snow, John? You have seen it grow, and can tell us," said Ned.

"Well," said I, "when the snow lies pretty thick, it is a good top-dressing; and the farmers think there is a chance of a good crop, when it lies late on the ground!"

"Do hear his shocking farming again," said Jeanie. "We only asked you to guess an old conundrum."

"John, you stupid thing! the grass is invisible green, under the snow," said Ned.

"The color of my coat is invisible green," I answered, stoutly. I knew grass was never that shade.

Then I saw them laughing, and I knew they

had made fun of me again, which is a custom with young people, if they can find a fellow as green as the grass to laugh at. I do not care, — I am rather slow, but that is better than to be fast, as they are inclined to be, in a city where, if you are *too* slow, everything will rush on, and leave you behind.

We soon reached the skating-ground, and there Jeanie was scudding along like one of our mackerel schooners under full sail in the bay. It was such a pretty picture to see her; but some of the ladies seemed to be in no hurry, for every now and then they sat down to rest, while others dashed along at full speed. Sometimes one or two fast skaters would come dashing along, and accidentally — of course — strike one of those so unsteady on their skates, that a touch would seem to demolish them, and they would disappear in their glory, — like one of Georgy's bright, high-colored, showy card-houses, — and there lie extended, scarlet and yellow, ingloriously extinguished, on the skating-ground.

We stayed till our hour for tea, and came merrily home, laughing, and with a fund of merry anecdotes, to relate to our friend Georgy, who still reclines on the couch, and still smiles, and listens patiently to all our jests. We told him all we had seen.

"And why did those ladies sit down so often?" I asked; "such cold weather to choose, and such an odd time to rest?"

"Good heavens! hear the fellow!" cried James, "he will be the death of me! They were only in fear of falling, John, and thought it safer to slip down quietly, and perhaps — they thought — gracefully, than to fall indecorously on their noses at once."

"How can you speak so, James?" said Jeanie, a little touched for the dignity of her sex. "How can he be so rude! It is so awkward to fall on the ice!"

"Awkward! I think it is! If the ladies considered that, they would not be willing to skate so publicly," he answered.

"Can't they learn at home?" I said, meekly. I don't dare to say all I think about new notions.

"Where would they skate, John? In a yard or garden, the size of a pocket handkerchief? There are no fields now, left for private families to have as skating-grounds. New houses and new shops fill the former fields. Even the Common was in danger once of being sold for stores. And the land where the State-House now stands, and the land behind the Hancock House, were open spaces, and considered remarkably healthy, because they were so airy and *retired*. It is

pleasant there now; but to have seen the cows grazing on the Common, and the street open; to look down as far as the water, — must have been a beautiful sight."

"Father, won't you tell us about the State-House?" he asked, as Mr. Hamilton came in.

"What shall I tell you new?" he answered. "You know the land was purchased of Governor Hancock's heirs, and the ground was named 'the Governor's pasture,' in the deed, and that the purchase-money was 'four thousand pounds lawful money.' The corner-stone of the building was brought to the spot on the 4th of July, by fifteen white horses, the small number of States then in the Union, — it was in 1795. In 1798, the building was quite finished and occupied by the Legislature. Then the members of the General Court walked in solemn procession from the Old State-House, in State Street, and the new one was dedicated with prayer. The corner-stone was laid by the Chief Magistrate of Massachusetts, Samuel Adams. And he said, 'he trusted that within its walls liberty and the rights of men would be forever advocated and supported!'"

"I think they have a fair chance for it," said James. "How Wendell Phillips and T. W. Higginson spoke in favor of a colored man there,

last winter. It made me feel proud to hear them."

"James, let me hear no more from you on that subject; I have forbidden your interfering with politics," said Mr. Hamilton.

"Politics!" I thought; "that is the old story. When the minister speaks of the sins of the age,— for it is his place to correct evil, — and certainly that is what he is *hired for*, — then all the old gentlemen who dislike to have their *firm convictions* disturbed or shaken cry out, — 'A political sermon! Turn him out!'"

I know nothing about it; but to catch a man and sell him would not be called "politics" where I was raised. Thank goodness!

"What are you pondering over in your wise little head, John?" asked Mr. Hamilton, kindly. "Do you agree with James in his new-fangled notions?"

"Why, yes, Sir, I believe I do," I answered, boldly. (To speak the truth was whipped into me, when I was a boy.) "And I believe all the boys in Boston feel the same."

"And all the women, too, who have mothers' hearts," said Mrs. Hamilton, who had entered quietly, unperceived.

"Well, we will excuse you all," he answered. "As we are the stronger party and have the

most judgment!" he said, with a smile, to Mrs. Hamilton, — who returned it with so much affection, that I knew she never doubted his faith in that judgment. "We will excuse you all! What were we talking about? Oh! about the State-House. You asked me the height of it, I believe."

We had not, — but that was no matter.

"It is one hundred and ten feet high, including the dome; and the foundation is said to be about that height above the level of the sea. All this will not interest you, but the view from the top of the State-House is perhaps the finest in the country. You must go and see it, John, — and the fountains there, and the statue of Webster. You know the building has been enlarged, since it was first erected, I suppose?"

I did not know it. And then he said:

"The Boston Water-Works are worth looking at, also."

"What is that?" I asked.

"Why, the great Beacon Hill Reservoir, where the water, that supplies the city, flows from Cochituate Lake, — or, as you would prefer to say, Long Pond. This building, of massive granite masonry, is an immense basin or reservoir. It rests on arches of enormous strength. The basin is said to contain 2,678,961 gallons of water."

"Oh, my!" I exclaimed. "Why, I think I must have seen that building on my way to the Hospital, where the sick man was in the spring. Are there two great tablets with inscriptions on them, on the north side of the building?"

"Yes," he answered. "It is there printed in large letters, —

BOSTON WATER-WORKS.

Begun August, 1846. — Water introduced October, 1848.

JOSIAH QUINCY, JR., MAYOR.

Commissioners, { NATHAN HALE, JAMES F. BALDWIN, THOMAS B. CURTIS.

And on the other tablet is inscribed, —

BOSTON WATER-WORKS.

The Reservoir completed November, 1849.

JOHN P. BIGELOW, MAYOR.

Engineers, { W. S. WHITWELL, East Div. E. S. CHESBROUGH, West Div. JOHN B. JERVIS, Consulting.

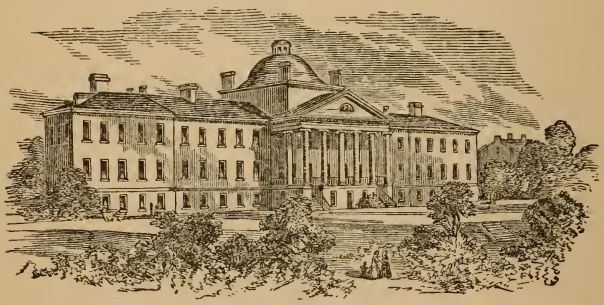
"Now I know," I said, "what that country fellow was so busy stopping to read. I was in a hurry to be at the Hospital between twelve and one; they would not admit visitors later than that."

"Are you going to be a doctor, John?" said Georgy, from his couch, in a plaintive tone of

"No, Georgy; I will not harm you; but *you* ought not to be afraid of doctors."

"No! 'tis the other doctor; I mean the one I had first."

Here mamma interrupted, for she could not have her pet annoyed. "John was going to see a poor, sick man, Georgy, and was only carrying some fruit to him," she said. "Here is a little picture for you to see. And now we will send the boys away for the rest of the evening; it is time for you to rest."



She let us see the picture of the Massachusetts General Hospital. It is built of Chelmsford granite, and can accommodate over a hundred patients. The wings of the building are divided into wards and rooms for the sick people. The wide staircases and floors are of stone. The whole building is warmed by flues from hot-air

furnaces, and supplied with water by pipes carried over the building.

The surgical operations are performed in the upper part of the building, which is lighted by a dome; and the officers have their rooms in the centre. The grounds are handsome, with gravelled walks and ornamental shrubs; but I was too anxious about my old friend to notice them particularly, though I saw that a high fence keeps out intruders, if any of the patients are well enough to walk about.

The McLean Asylum for the Insane is under the direction of the Trustees of this Hospital, as it is a branch of this institution. Shall I tell you here about the insane? You, little children, who may never have to suffer that grief which destroys the reason. But let me tell you now, that a violent temper will often bring a state of mind that closely resembles insanity; and that, sometimes, in a passion, a man, or a child even, may do something to be repented of forever. I once saw one poor, unhappy old man, who had killed a baby in a fit of rage; he was certainly thought to be insane when I saw him; but he only was unhappy, — so unhappy that he could have no peace. He was angry with everything, and angry with God, "who would not let him have any comfort," he said. This is what

men call remorse, and it haunts us for years when we do wrong. Even if we forget it for a time, it will come back to us, like the thought of that poor baby, that the old man would not have killed if he had not been angry, and which he never, never had been able to forget. He tried to work in a little garden they let him have to amuse him; but every little while he would throw down his spade and exclaim, "I can't have any comfort!" Let us all try to remember to keep calm always. It may save a life in time of danger, as you well know from many anecdotes you have read, and which I cannot stop to repeat.

But I asked Mrs. Hamilton afterwards, what Georgy meant by asking if I meant to be a doctor. And she said the Medical College was very near the Hospital, and that it would accommodate three hundred students, who were studying medicine and seeing cases in the Hospital. It is a branch of Harvard College, and a large medical library is connected with it. They have a Cabinet, that contains collections of drawings and models in wax of various kinds, and plaster casts of unusual cases. If any disease is so mysterious that it cannot be understood, then it has been known that a photograph of the outward manifestation of that disease has been sent

to Paris, and there compared with the drawings and books in the hospitals of Europe. Ah! if life were only long enough to learn all.

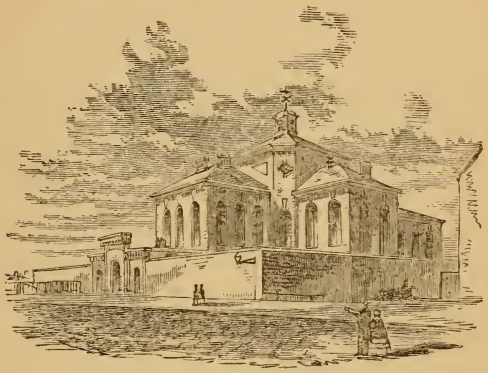
As I wandered about, I was thinking of my own ignorance, and the immense amount of knowledge to be gained by living in Boston, where libraries are free, and schools so well cared for, that every one is expected to be learned. For in the early days of the settlement of the Colonies, parents were fined if their children were not sent to school.

Now, at home, I could only go to school in the winter months; the summer school was only for small children, and boys have to work on the farm all through the summer harder than men work in the city. When the winter comes, we have our singing-school, and our algebra to study, and now and then a spelling-school, where the best scholars are captains. Did you ever hear of a spelling match? You have rowing matches, and skating matches, and I won't say what else; but a spelling match is where two of the best scholars are chosen by the school as captains, and they select in turn one scholar after another from the classes to form a company. One stands at the end of the school-room and calls out his favorite scholar. "Annie Green," James Cain called out one day, and Annie, blushing

and smiling, came forward. "Susan May," called Jim Barker, who was the other champion. Then Susan took her place at the head of the class on the other side. "Frank Butler" was the next name, and so on, till the lists were filled. One little girl who belonged to the primary school came in, and because she belonged to our only rich man's family the children *would* ask her to join, and every word she tried to spell was in such remarkable style that we could hardly keep sober faces.

The master stood at his desk, or walked around the school-room, and selected the most astonishing words to be spelt. Annie Green and Susan May kept along quite equally, but if one word was misspelt in the class, though the culprit was left in his place, the captain on the opposite side could select the best speller from the ranks of this side to add to his own. Once it seemed as if Annie's party had all the good spellers, and that Susan's side was beaten; but I soon saw my mistake. For after the best spellers were all taken from Susan's party, only the poor ones were left to choose from; and then the side which had so nearly beaten at first began to make mistakes, and, as a consequence, to forfeit its best spellers. This of course strengthens Susan's party, which was thus able to go on spelling correctly, and in a few minutes had won the victory.

As I have been telling you, I walked along Cambridge Street towards Charles Street, thinking of home, and I came to a building shaped something like a Greek cross, between the Medi-



cal College and Cambridge Street, on land filled in, or "made land," as they call it, a continuation of Charles Street. A centre octagonal building, having four wings radiating from it. It is built of Quincy granite, and I asked some one what it was for. Ah! when he told me, I waited no longer to see it, for it was the City Jail! I disappeared instantly; and if you want to hear about it, just go and see it yourself. It is two stories high, and a good-looking home for those who like such places!

CHAPTER XII.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY. — MUSEUM.

One morning Mr. Hamilton invited me to go with him to the Public Library, and I was very glad of that. We walked across the Common and passed by the apple women, sitting under their umbrellas, and resting against a tree, which made a back to their low seat, and with oranges, candy, and nuts spread out before them. I stopped a minute, and inquired of one if she always sat there. I had always seen her when I passed.

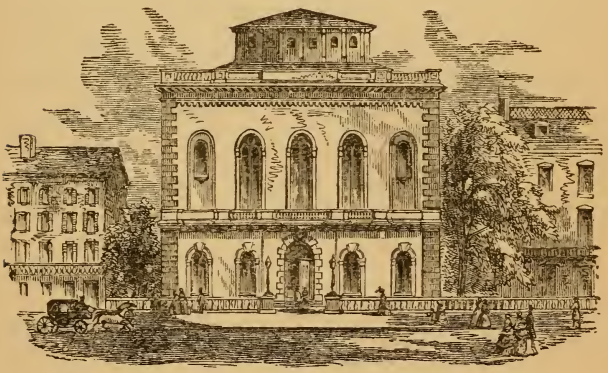
"Do you sit here in the rain?" I asked.

She looked at me and smiled. "Why, no!" she said; "not often in the rain." How stupid that was in me! But I had seen her sitting there with the same things so often, that I thought she belonged there as much as the trees and the fountain did, and I forgot for a moment that candy and sugar plums could not bear the rain as well as she could. There was a blind man there too, who sold his wares as well as one who was not blind, apparently; for I wanted to buy something of him, and the poor man really

selected pins for me, large and small, as I inquired for them. Could any one be found willing to cheat him? I am afraid there could.

"Come, John," said Mr. Hamilton, "we shall be late, and you can't give in your name after ten o'clock."

So we hurried on, till we came to the Library Building in Boylston Street. It was very handsome, and was built of brick, with sandstone mountings.



"I should think it would be liable to be destroyed by fire, there are so many books together," I said to Mr. Hamilton.

"O no! It is purposely built with fire-proof floors, made of brick and iron; and the whole building is strictly fire-proof," he answered.

As we went into the first lower room, there were people, young and old, seated around on benches, waiting for their names to be called out. These names were first written on a card, before the hour for the delivery of books. Then the owner of the card writes the number of the book he wants, which he reads from the catalogue, and sends it in to the desk. After waiting a short time, several books which have the cards shut in them are handed out from a room behind the desk, and the names read aloud, and the owner steps forward to answer to his or her name. As I sat there I waited to see them. "Bates!" was called out. "Now that will be a stout man," I thought to myself; but a shy, pretty girl came and took the book with a blush.

"Stanley!" the Librarian called. Then a tall, thin man, with green glasses, came up.

"Yates! Underwood! Green!" he called. And when my own name was mentioned, I had been so busy looking at the others, that I forgot to recognize it, till he said, "Is not this yours?" and handed me a book, which I had long wanted to read.

It is strange that no one has to pay a cent for this great privilege, and that persons are allowed to take out any books but medical works, — and perhaps young doctors are allowed to do that, —

but one young woman I saw asked for one in vain; perhaps they were afraid she would poison some one, if she attempted to practise medicine with the slight knowledge she could gain in this way.

In the country, it is the old women, who, with their herbs, attempt to cure all our sickness, and we rather dread to see a doctor. But it is so different here!

"Come into the reading-room, John," said Mr. Hamilton, who had been reading while I was waiting for my name to be called. I went in, and found several gentlemen seated around a long table, which extended the whole length of the room, and which was well supplied with all the new periodicals, and with foreign newspapers and magazines. Here could be found the popular magazines in French, and medical works in German, and scientific periodicals in different languages. A Danish gentleman told me here, that he could not find in London, or any other large city in Europe, such a free opportunity for literary research. He was translating some work into the Danish language, and he was so glad, and so grateful, to find the information he needed, to go on with the work. Any one can sit here and read, and many young men, who would be walking round in search of amusement,

or who have perhaps no pleasant, warm room at home, can sit here for hours undisturbed, as no conversation is allowed, except in a low tone of voice, in this room.

After seeing and admiring the reading-room, I went into the second story, which is a very beautiful room, with a large portrait in it of Franklin, a handsomer, younger face than I had seen of him before. A marble statue of a shepherd-boy, with very thin legs, who was playing on a lute, I thought, looked rather stiff and prim, though it is very much admired, Mr. Hamilton told me; but I am more fond of books when I can have time to read, and so I went round and counted the alcoves, to see how many there were; I found ten alcoves on each side, and ten in the gallery above, on each side, also, which made sixty in all. The German books were in one alcove, the Spanish in another, the Italian in another, then law-books in another, and then medical works, and so on. And the shelves were divided also, in rows of ten, to make it easier to find the books. I wish I could describe the beauty of the hall to you, but I cannot, because it is so beautiful, and it suited me so exactly. There was a room below for the ladies to read in, but they seem to like to carry home their books, or were too shy or too busy to sit there; I never

saw more than two at a time, and now it is given up, and they are expected to read in the rooms where the periodicals are, if they read here at all. It is hardly worth the trouble of warming the rooms for so few; besides, there is a large oil painting by Copley there, and the room is reserved for that now. I found a nice book of travels for myself, and I waited and looked over the magazines. I saw no boys there as young as I am. I think they are not allowed to read in the room, because boys *will* be rude and noisy, and this is intended for young men, and for persons who are old enough to make a sensible use of this great privilege.

Mr. Hamilton told me, that this hall would hold two hundred thousand volumes, and that new books are continually being added. I was sorry to leave it, and go home; but I shall come again, some other day, when Mr. Hamilton is not so much engaged. In the evening, they tell me, that many young men are seated around, reading; and some were there early in the morning; which surprised me, unless they came in early, and read, before the hour for business. Perhaps they rise early, and breakfast as we do at home, when the sun comes into our eyes, and shines so bright, as he rises in winter, that we pull down the curtain to shut out the dazzle, and then extinguish the candles on the table.

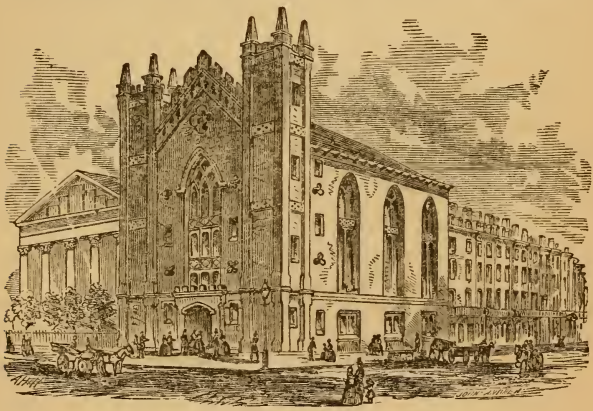
This library is a gift to the city of Boston, from private individuals. Joshua Bates, Esq., of London, who was once a Boston boy, gave fifty thousand dollars, and the interest annually to be spent for books. Hon. Jonathan Phillips, Hon. John P. Bigelow, and Abbott Lawrence, have given large sums of money for this purpose. There are more than seventy-eight thousand volumes. The largest number taken out in any one day, last year, was one thousand three hundred and thirty-five, which was more than two books a minute during the ten hours of delivery.

There was a present from Mr. Bates, last year, of five hundred works relating to the history and science of music, some of which are very rare. Since music has been introduced into the Public Schools as a branch of study, this renders these works in the library very useful to those who might never attain them in any other way. This collection contains most of the early printed musical works of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, and many later works of noted excellence. There are twenty-eight quarto volumes of manuscript music, selected and copied from the best published and unpublished musical compositions of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries in the royal library of Berlin.

There is a collection of three hundred and

forty-seven Chinese books, comprising historical and literary works, and a copy of the large Imperial dictionary, — highly important, we must think, in this case. I hope, when you see it, it will be a benefit to you!

As we left the Library, we walked down Tremont Street by the Park Street Church and the burying-ground, passing by the Masonic Temple.



The corner-stone was laid, with Masonic ceremonies, in 1830. It is built of granite, with towers sixteen feet square, surmounted with battlements and pinnacles. The doors and windows are of fine hammered granite. The blocks of granite are triangular, and it is a very handsome building. There is no other in Massachusetts like it.

So Mr. Hamilton told me. I was glad to see the carriage with Mrs. Hamilton in it, at the door. She told me, Jeanie and the boys were at the Museum, and if I hurried I might meet them there. So I was very glad to leave Mr. Hamilton, who was so grave and silent; and hasten on, hoping to see them.

Have *you* ever seen the Museum? The building from the street is so handsome, when the

long rows of ground-glass globes are lighted. And the balconies are ornamented with flags sometimes.

It stands very near the Stone Chapel and the burying-ground of the poor colonists, who suffered and died so early from privation and trial. Their descendants should be more plain in their tastes, and more severe in their laws.

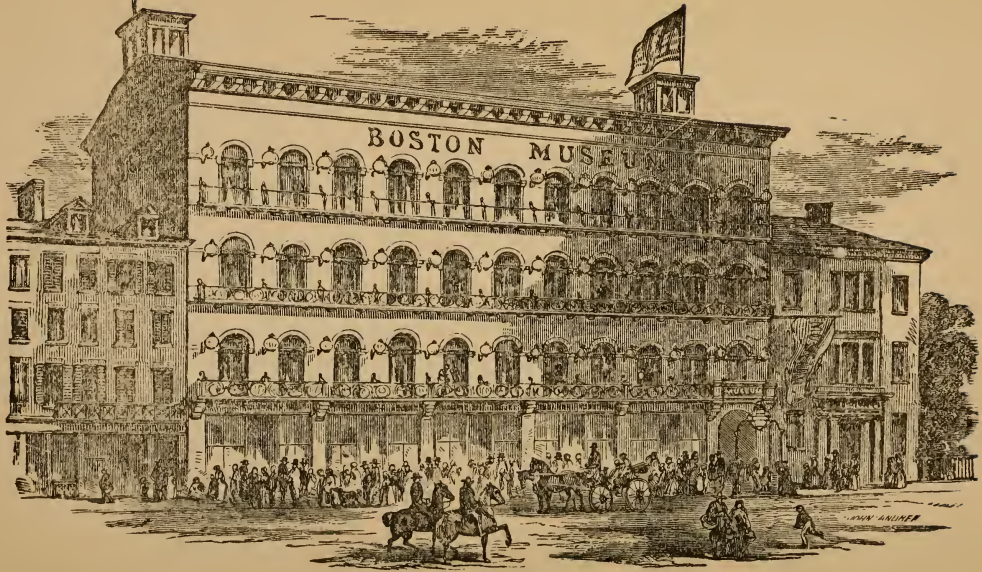
I stopped to buy my ticket at the door, but there was a tall gentleman there who would not let me pass, and I had to wait for a lady and her little girl to be attended to, before I could make him heed me at all. This is such a favorite place of amusement for strangers to visit. At last he saw me, — of course he saw me before, but it was of no consequence, as I was only a boy, who could wait. I folded my hands behind me, and tried hard to be patient, and after I had determined not to care, then everything seemed to go right. The stout old gentleman kindly moved, and spoke to me, — the lady and the little girl smiled on me, and the lady said, "Here is a young man who has been waiting longer than we have," — and how pleasantly she smiled! It does cost so little to say a pleasant word, and make another person happy, that I wonder how the beauties we see are willing to lose so much pleasure. They look so cross, when we look at them, that all the sweetness we tried to admire seems suddenly to change into vinegar (that which is made of *sweet* wine); and we determine not to look at them. Do you believe that would do, either? I cannot stop to decide what wiser men cannot determine, and I went into the Hall, and looked at the fine picture of Washington, painted by Sully, which strikes your eye as you first enter.

There are statues on each side of this room, and so many objects of interest, that it is impossible to name them all. But I was in a hurry to find our Jeanie, who always meets me with a smile, and yet never laughs at me, as the boys do.

Here she was, looking at an uncouth object in a glass case, and quite puzzled she seemed, and with such a wise air, I could not help smiling, too.

"What have you found to amuse you?" I inquired.

"Ah, John! How did you know we were here? I want you to see this mermaid, and



MUSEUM.

tell me what you think of it. Are there any near where you live?" As she said this, she smiled so incredulously, that I had half a mind to tell her I had often seen them combing their green locks on the rocks by our shores. But she so easily believed all I said, that I could not deceive her.

"This uncouth monster seems to please you better than the pictures!" I said.

"No; I was only wondering how the people could be made to believe in such a monster. There is something pleasant to me in the idea of a beautiful mermaid singing on the sea. But this dispels all the lovely illusion. The story of Undine, and the little mermaid of Hans Andersen, who only had a soul after being loved by a mortal, were very fascinating to me."

"Any one that you loved would have a soul, Jeanie," I said. It must be a heart of stone that did not love our Jeanie.

"Why, yes, I should never care for a kitten, or any other soulless animal," she answered, sweetly.

I wanted to tell her, she would make any one have a soul; but how could I make her understand my rude speech? 'T is my heart that speaks, and when that is the case, the tongue always stammers. Besides that, she is not my

sister, and so I must not tell her all I think. You are quite mistaken if you suppose I do not know it.

"Let us look at something else, now. Here are some Indian dresses and a canoe; and some Sandwich Island implements of war; and various other wonders. The stuffed birds are admirable. Look at these, John!"

And I went on, looking at everything, even at the wax-work in the room above, which I could not like. To be sure, it told the same story that we can so often read, — of the gradual descent of a family from happiness in early life to the lowest misery, and the cause was the old, old story of Intemperance! It pained me.

"Let us go, dear," I said. "I must go!" And we went away, receiving no pleasure from that room.

We walked around and admired the various curiosities, and among others, we found our Ned, who is a living one.

"Well, we have been wondering where you both were. We are going into the next building, to see the Massachusetts Historical Society's rooms, where the old Indian Bible is. Did you know they had an Indian Bible translated for them into their language? And a manuscript of Washington's Address to the American Army? Will you go, John?"

"Will you go, Jeanie?" I asked. But Jeanie was tired, and so I remembered that I was tired, too. Had not I seen the Public Library, and counted the alcoves? And learnt how many feet high the Masonic Temple was? To be sure I have forgotten it now. And heard that the Masonic Lodges met in that building, — and much more about it, that I have not told you, — and I was glad of a quiet walk home with Jeanie, who sees just what is passing under her eyes, and does not puzzle her mind by dwelling on antiquities, nor remember when we try to make her learn some historical fact.

As we passed by the Burying-Ground just at the corner, I told her that Johnson, "the father of Boston," was buried here. But what did she care about it.

"I never knew him!" she said. "If he were living here, I should like to see him, because it was owing to his influence they came to Boston, instead of remaining where they first settled. But as to caring where he was buried, that I do not think of!"

And I half thought she was right. But still it is pleasant to go to Mount Auburn, and see with how much care the grounds are ornamented. "Do you not like to go to Mount Auburn, Jeanie?" I said.

"O no, John! I should wish to be remembered, but not in that way. I should wish my friends to believe that I had a better home, and to forget that I was laid in the grave."

"That is the best way; but how could one forget it?"

"By thinking more of Heaven, and less of earthly things. Do you know how much you have changed, John, since you came here?" she asked.

"To be sure I know it. But in one thing I do not change, — in liking you, Jeanie. And now you are growing into a young lady, and will soon forget me," I said, tremulously.

"Ah, no, poor boy, I shall not forget you at all. But one thing you must remember, — not to forget *yourself*, as you did this morning."

I promised! For I did forget my resolution, and was very angry this morning. I am sorry Jeanie knew it, though.

"When are you going home, John? Mamma told me you were going with Georgy; but you will return soon?"

"O yes! Mr. Hamilton has promised to keep me at school till I am able to carry on the farm, and then I shall go home to live. Won't you promise to come and see me there?"

"O yes!" she said, gleefully. "That would

be so pleasant. Then perhaps I can see a mermaid,"—and she laughed. "And I love the country! You have promised to show me how the sun sets there behind the hills, and where the moon comes up out of the sea. I should like to see that!"

"You will promise, Jeanie?" I said, anxiously.

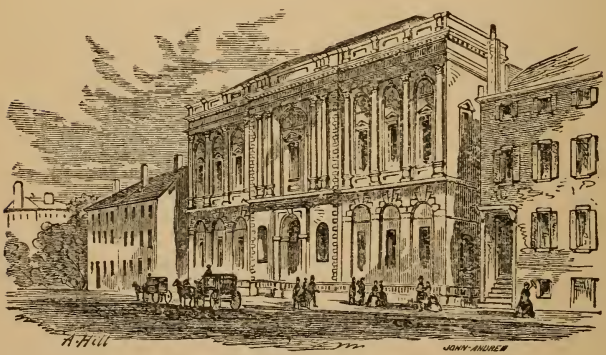
"Yes, I will promise; I want to see some of the odd customs and the funny things I have heard you telling the boys about. I will promise!"—and she ran in, leaving me wondering whether she would go or not. Would you, if you were she?

CHAPTER XIII.

ATHENÆUM. — CLUB HOUSE. — HOME.

"My dear fellow," I said one morning to James, "why cannot you ever find time to go to the Athenæum Gallery with me?"

"Do you really care about those stupid things?" he answered. "I will go with you this very morning. The light is better for the paintings at this time. Let us go now!"



And so we went. It is a fine, handsome building, of freestone, several stories high. The en-

trance forms a large hall, and in the first door is the Statuary Gallery.

James paid our admission fee of twenty-five cents to a still, silent young girl seated by the door, and I walked in, struck by the beauty of the statues. The first I saw was a tall youth shading his eyes with his hand. This, I thought, moved as I looked at it.

"What is it, James?" I exclaimed. "What is this? He is alive."

"That is Crawford's Orpheus," he replied. "He is looking down into the infernal regions in search of his wife, who was carried away by Pluto. It is a mythological story. Crawford was the finest sculptor of this country."

"It is a beautiful piece of work. Is that the reason, James, that they have so many of these statues from mythology, — because they make them handsomer than *real* men and women are?"

"That is ingenious, John; I never thought of that reason before; but I think not," and he laughed.

"How do you like this Hebe and Ganymede? Hebe tripped in presenting the cup to Jove, and Ganymede took her place as cup-bearer. How sweet her humility and self-reproach, as she is giving up the cup to Ganymede, and how he tries to soothe her mortification and grief!"

"But see this cloak, that gives poor Ganymede an approach to a hump," I said.

"How can you think of that, John? I suppose the artist was so absorbed in representing the idea he wished in the faces and the attitude, that he did not notice the clumsy cloak. You are almost as absurd as that young lady who thought the Exile of Siberia in marble should have worn mittens! Mittens in marble! when the very object of statuary is to represent the beauty of form."

"Yes. I think some of these people who criticise might as well have a draped wooden doll, if the drapery is so important," I answered.

"Here is the Minerva Medica. This is grand! And see the drapery here!"

And we walked off a little distance to admire it, for it is celebrated.

"And what is this?" I said, coming to a poor, drowned young woman, lying with her baby in her arms. "Is this something from mythology?"

"O no! that is fine," he said. "That is Brackett's 'Shipwrecked Mother.' That is modelled by one of our Boston sculptors, and he chiselled all that marble by hand, with great industry."

"Then he must have as much work as he can do, I know, because it is so beautiful," I said.

"They say it is better than many things seen and admired in Italy. But statuary is not well understood and appreciated in our new country."

"Is not Boston proud of her son?" I asked.

"Ah, well! we have so many to be proud of!" he answered, conceitedly.

It was true, to be sure; but there were not many sculptors so good as Brackett.

"Ah, John," he said, "you have no idea what a hard thing it is to work, and have your work unappreciated, — to have beauties in it blamed, and faults praised. It is enough to make the artist discouraged, and feel that his time would be better spent in farming or raising grapes."

"But the artist never really feels so at heart, I know."

"Not at heart, — but in every-day life he sometimes finds it necessary to leave the beautiful for the useful, and carve a tombstone instead of making a work to be immortal. We are so practical, John. Here is the Venus of Milo. You must see her; but the light is very bad, as she is placed here."

"What is she? A large woman without any arms?" I said, surprised.

"Look at the face, and the beauty of the torso," he said in enthusiasm.

"I don't see anything but a trunk of a woman. I can't understand that and admire it," I answered warmly. "I like this best, this 'Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman.' See how the pretty widow looks into the eye of the old man. No! she makes him peep into her eye — to find nothing but a hidden smile there."

"Ah, John!" James said, "you are like all the rest; they can understand those subjects best."

Now I *knew* this was good, and I insisted on it; and a gentleman who came in agreed with me. I can't be expected to like a woman without arms — even if her face is so beautiful — so well as a bright, smiling one, who seems to ask me to laugh with her. And I even like a bright, roguish smile on an ugly face better than the cold simper of a heartless beauty. It is owing to my early education I suppose, and the "old school" and old red school-house.

"Let us go and see the pictures," James said; and I left the statuary with regret; there was so much left worth seeing, that I cannot stop to tell you about. The Dying Gladiator and all!

We ran up the broad staircase which led to the Library and the Picture Gallery. I peeped into the Library, and saw the rows of books and light, iron staircases leading to the upper shelves

which adorned the room, as they were of ornamental iron-work, winding round like a corkscrew. They said there were as many as seventy-five thousand volumes, but I think there are many more; I cannot be sure, unless I should stop to count them, which I would do if I thought you would care about it!

There were several rooms on this story. And there were pictures — fine, handsome pictures — on the walls, as we went through the entry, and up another flight of the same broad, iron stairs, where my footsteps echoed. It was all so different from the ladder at home, where I climbed up, to sleep under the eaves; and where the stars peeped through the cracks in the roof, to wink and jeer at me. I know they laugh at me now more than they did then; but when I am unmindful of ridicule, it cannot harm me.

The Picture Gallery has four large rooms connected with each other, and lined with dark red cambric; and it contains pictures that are painted by our best artists, and copies from pictures by the old masters, and sometimes the wealthy citizens of Boston are willing to lend a valuable painting for the public to admire. This collection varies in different seasons. Once, a collection of paintings from the Düsseldorf Gallery was there, and I know them all by heart. Then a

collection of Brown's pictures. The Heart of the Andes, by Church, was exhibited here, before it was time for the annual collection of paintings to be seen.

You may see some of the same pictures each season. I remember a beggar that almost started out of the frame, he was so life-like. And there are Allston's paintings, which James admired.

"Come here," he cried. "Come into this inner room, and see the painting of Belshazzar's Feast!"

I was enjoying the sunset in a landscape by Gifford, that I cannot often enjoy in the city, unless I take a walk, to see where the sun sets, in the far-off distance. It does not seem to come down to the earth and tinge the green fields with yellow, and kiss the flowers "good-night," and close their eyes for them, as it does at home; but it sets 'way off, gorgeously, in a crimson couch in the sky, and I hardly know anything about it, unless it flares its bed-torch so high, that it streams up over the house-tops, and then I look up, and people say, "What a *fine* sunset!"

Yes, 't is all grandeur! But the sweetness and beauty of a summer's eve in the country are all lost. To be sure, I did meet a butterfly once in the street, as red as the brick houses, because Nature matches colors, — but I do long to hear

the frogs croak, and the grasshoppers fiddle, again!

"Come! what are you studying those landscapes so, for? I should think you might be tired of rural life by this time; you are just beginning to lose that accent so peculiar to the New England farmer," cried James.

"What do you mean, Sir?" I asked, rather fiercely for me.

"Why, I mean the speaking with a strong nasal intonation, that your neighbors possess so remarkably. For example, if I asked one a question, there were ten chances to one he would answer, 'Hugh!' meaning who, instead of replying to what I wished to know."

"Do you think there is no accent peculiar to Boston children? They always say, 'I sor,' instead of 'I saw'; and then the letter *r* is so often left out, and you speak of the 'fiah' and 'watah,' instead of the strong 'fire' and 'water.' One should never laugh at his neighbor till he cures his own faults. My old mother would have said, 'People who live in glass houses should not throw stones.'"

"Well, we are even. Look at this painting, by Allston, and admire it!"

"I cannot!" I answered.

"You cannot, because you have no perception of high art."

"Why, it is not finished," I said. "The artist would not have exhibited it so."

"How?"

"Why, with the neck so long, and the head not *quite* in the centre of the figure. Is it considered finished?"

"Well, I believe it is not; but every one admires it, who knows anything of painting."

"Then I do *not* admire it; and it is because I know nothing of painting. But I *do* know, it is not right to exhibit a picture with the artist's alterations not quite completed, because it is injustice to him."

"My dear boy, we will have you installed as one of the Committee on Fine Arts," he said, satirically.

"Don't laugh at my ignorance," I said. "I am so tired of being laughed at! Tell me what to admire!"

Then he pointed out a scene in the Rocky Mountains, by Bierstadt, and a beautiful picture, by Ary Scheffer, of Beatrice and Dante. This I could admire; the lovely expression of the face charmed me, and touched my feelings.

Then I saw another painting I liked, but could not understand.

"Will you tell me what this means?" I asked of James, who stood near, quite absorbed in gaz-

ing at some dark, gloomy picture, so covered with heavy, dark varnish, that the original beauty was obscured. "What is this? An angel, I think; and is that Satan, or what else can it be?"

"Ah! that is a fine painting, John. You seem to know something more about it than when you first came in. That is the Archangel Michael, subduing and chaining Satan. It is a copy from a painting by Guido."

"Now I like that!" I said. "The good angel wrestling with sin, and conquering it. If we only had courage to resist evil, it would flee from us. But there is one thing the artists have not yet represented. It is the subduing of the sin that does *not* come so openly, but in the form of an angel. If our temptations did not take an angelic shape, we should fear them, and shrink from them. It tries to persuade us we are right; and we find out, to our grievous terror, that we were all wrong. Just as I have walked through a meadow, full of flowers and green grass, thinking my footing was secure, and I have slipped through the bog, or the peat, which had been newly cut, gave way beneath my feet; or have walked on through the grass, only to stumble into the marsh."

"You are poetical! I thought you were going

to give me something worth hearing and quite pretty; but that unfortunate peat meadow, that you remember so fondly, how many times I have blackened my stockings searching for Arethusas in it!" said James.

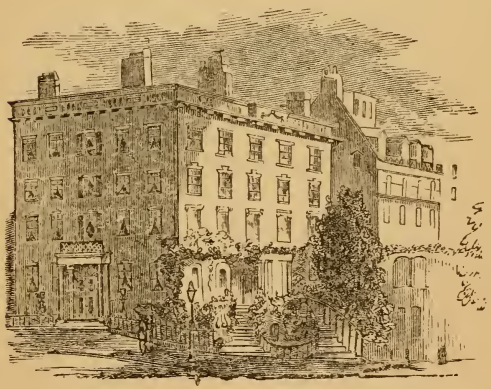
"*Arethusas!*" — I wish he could have understood that I meant to say, evil takes the form of beauty, and we yield to it; when, if we could see the ugliness of sin, we should not waver, but shrink from it and avoid it. But, alas! my tongue could not express my warm thought, and I turned away discouraged.

"What! are you tired of the Archangel so soon, John? Shall we go home?" he said.

And I gave a parting glance to the beautiful and graceful form of the youth, and I shall try to remember, that goodness can overcome wickedness, and that evil must yield, if vigorously resisted with a stout heart and lowly courage, — not too sure of success, but with a firm faith in help from Heaven.

I don't know what made me turn preacher today. I have not many solemn thoughts now; but I used to have them when I was by the solemn sea; the sound of the sobbing waves and the roaring of the storm made me feel my insignificance. I felt ashamed. And used to say to myself, "John, rouse up, and be worthy to live

in this grand world, that you are such an atom in." And then I would go to work, and think of Ben Franklin, and George Washington; and when I consented to come to the city, I thought that was all I needed to be a great man. Have I improved? No; I fear not. But I will not talk of myself, I will go home and see Georgy, and see how much he has done, and tell him about the pictures.



As we walked along by the Club House on the corner by the Common, I liked the appearance of it, and James said it was built many years ago, and that Lafayette stayed here, when he visited this city; and that the almshouse was formerly here. I suppose that was at the time

when the Common was a cow-pasture, and when the Hancock House was so far from the centre of the city as to be remarked upon.

I found Georgy no longer on his couch, by the window; but seated at an easel, and painting a landscape. You remember I told you he could always draw well, and his great amusement has been to improve this talent. We think he will be a great painter, and if he *should* be lame, what could be happier than this gift, which brings so much joy to its possessor?

"Have you enjoyed your visit to the Athenæum?" he asked, as I entered, with the same roguish smile on his happy face.

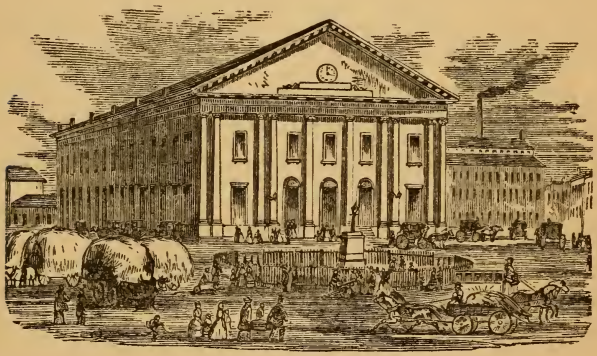
"Yes! You can't tell how much I enjoyed it," I said.

"Can't I, though! I have been shut up so long, that I can understand your delight. I am going out to walk to-morrow, and I think, if I am well enough, I shall go to the beach when you go home, and spend the summer. The Doctor has been here, and he says that nothing is needed but sea-bathing to strengthen me, and then I shall be as well as the rest of you."

I was afraid he was too hopeful. But when the next week came, and we went together to the Haymarket Square Station, I was glad to see how strong and well he appeared. I only went

home for a short visit, and Mrs. Hamilton went to the cars with Jeanie in the carriage, to see us set off.

My trunk had been sent to the Eastern Railroad Station; but Georgy preferred the other route, and two men brought the trunk across the street for me. I expected Mrs. Hamilton would



smile, and whisper "Old School," if she saw my countrified way of carrying baggage, but she was too much moved at parting with her pet to think of me, except to say "Good by" kindly, and to see that we had a comfortable seat to ourselves.

Our journey home was like our journey to Boston, varied only by the beautiful scenery on this route.

Now, Georgy is well enough to walk to the

shore, and to sit on the rocks and sketch. The sun is so hot that he has a large umbrella fastened to a pole that he fixes in the sand, and he is never happier than when he watches the mackerel schooners come in. One day we saw a mirage, and the distant houses — far off, on a point where the lighthouse stands — were all inverted, lighthouse and all! They were so far off, we had sometimes doubted their being there at all. But they loomed up now, like white sails in the distance. On another day we saw a rainbow, that came down and touched the grass in our field; you could see the green color through it.

And Georgy exclaimed in delight, "O, if I were only near enough, I could walk on it, straight up into heaven; if I were not lame, I might run and seize it."

I thought he had a better chance for heaven than we did, because he was lame.

"Do you want to go to heaven *now?*" I asked.

"Is there not a better way of reaching it than by climbing on a rainbow? Such a frail ladder as that must be, and rather damp, too, I fancy, as it is built of rain-drops, lighted by sunbeams."

"Mamma said you were too prosaic, John. You are sufficient to damp any faith or imagination; I might have —"

"Well, the best rainbow I know about — for climbing to heaven upon — is that born from a smile that comes after tears. If we bear our grief nobly, and if we are cheerful through our trials, then the sun seems to come out, and brighten all we look upon. Be cheerful, my little fellow, and keep up a brave heart — for there is a silver lining to every cloud, and a rainbow after a shower."

"Thank you, John; I do try to be merry, and thankful that I can enjoy so much. I mean to be an artist, and then I can show the people who live in cities what they lose by not seeing the beautiful succession of pictures that God is painting for us to look at, and through which we are taught to love and worship Him, 'the Author and Finisher of our days,'" he said, gravely.

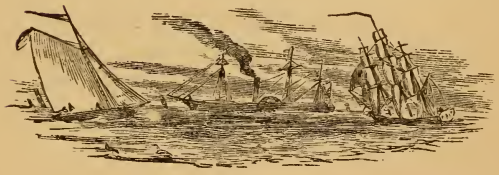
"Are you well enough now to look for green cranberries in the meadow?" I asked. "The Arethusas are in bloom, and the boards have been laid through the field and across the run where I slipped in. And you can go to the wood, and sit while I gather the berries, and I will bring you some rushes to braid. I wish it were only late enough for wild grapes. The scent of them is so powerful, that I knew, when I passed the shop where they were sold in Boston, if any were there. The grape-vine will make a pleasant arbor for you till I come."

There he sat, under the trees in sight of the meadow, and I gathered the green cranberries, because the men always cut them down when they were mowing. Day after day we came out and sat in the boat on the beach, or under the trees in the wood, and he became so strong that I had to promise he should soon return; and as my vacation was nearly over, we began to think it was quite time to go home to Boston.

My mother was very glad that I was not *quite* spoiled. And my father said "it had made a *man* of me."

I hope to be a better man than I am now. And I think, if you read my long story, that you will think the country is the pleasantest home, but the city is the place where we can be the most learned. *I* shall never be a learned man, and I hope to come home and live on the old place, by the "old school," that I was brought up in. I have a vague idea of asking *somebody* to come with me; but I hardly dare to dream of it, and certainly I cannot venture to whisper it even in your ear. I know it is foolish; but all young people dream in daylight, and wake to find they were dreaming. They live on illusion, as the butterfly lives on dew, till the noon of life dispels it. For reality is too heavy food; it bows the stern man to the dust; and a child needs

lighter diet, or he would not live to be a man; he would be crushed. And so Heaven lets rainbow fancies shine on him, and he lives in sunshine and illusion till he is strong, and then they fade away.



CHAPTER XIV.

AT HOME.

Let us leave Boston as it is, and look forward a few years into the future. The wheels of old Time's chariot have resistlessly carried us on — where? Through many days of storm and sunshine. They have never stopped, but have led us to a low, quiet home in the green lane of the wood. The ever-beating surf and restless spray dash over my boat on the shore, where I sit with Jeanie of my story by my side. "How is that?" you ask.

Jeanie grew up into a fair, sweet young lady, and she heard me talk of my old home, and when I had studied in Boston, till I was no longer the ignorant country boy she first knew, then, when my old father's farm, with the improvements I learned to make, came into my hands, I went there to live. Could I go alone? No, Jeanie came with me as my wife; and we are very happy, far away from the bustle of the city.

James's sons come to pass their summer vacations with us. It is best for the children to

divide the time, by passing the warm weather with their Aunt Jeanie at the sea-shore.

The boys play on the shore, and sometimes when they come slyly up to the rocks, far from the house, they surprise a pair of seals basking there or bathing, as Ned and Fanny did at the Aquarial Gardens. One day some fishermen caught one and brought it home to our barn, and Charley, who is a young medical student now, fell into raptures over it, and dissected it with great fervor, to find out whether it was fish or beast! I felt so vexed with the boy that I have never learnt what he discovered.

You would be amused to see the little boys looking out for specimens of mosses, and talking learnedly of sea anemone and zoöphyte, and when they spend their pleasant mornings searching for shells and come home with their little aprons filled with bits of dark sea-weed, — that loses its brilliant crimson when taken from the sea, — and they are almost ready to cry. Then another little fellow will console them by crying out, "What a lovely bivalve, — and see this speci men of mollusca!" till I am forced to run away from them, lest they see my mirth. But it is rather better than their father's plan and their Uncle Ned's, of running all day for a beach-bird or peep, as we used to call it, and then

coming home without one. The boys gather these specimens for Mr. Agassiz if they find anything new, and for the Aquarial Gardens, which are removed to a new building in Central Court, Washington Street.

Here, look at the Angel Fish, among other things! It is so lovely, and of such a fine blue, and tinged with gold, like the sunset clouds. I recollect a little girl asked me, — I think it could not have been my Jeanie, — was it so long ago? — well; the little girl asked me if the angels had such fish in the heavens, and if it took the blue tint from the color of the blue sky, where it lived.

I suppose that Angel Fish has gone long ago, but there may be another there by this time. Is it not so in everything? If we lose one pleasure, and feel inconsolable, does not another start up in its place, as the fading leaf or the falling flower is replaced by a more beautiful and a fresher one? So this, my poor story, will be forgotten, and the happy days I wrote about be gone forever, — but then I shall have other happier days, and you will have livelier stories; but let us not forget all we have wandered through and seen together, till, at least, another Happy New Year.